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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 303

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

How Reforms Grow 306
Regulars and Militia 306
Business Timidity 307
Discussing the Social Evil 308
Italy's Lame Excuses 309

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Recent German Fiction 310
News for Bibliophiles 311

CORRESPONDENCE:

Quixotism in Heroes 311
Washington and Lee University 312
"Sónnica la Cortisana 312
Woman's Suffrage 312
The Universal Races Congress 313
The Yale Review 313

LITERATURE:

Ingersoll: a Biographical Appreciation 313
Hilda Lessways 315
Initials Only 316
The House of the Seven Gabblers 316
The Voyage of the "Why Not" in the Antarctic 316
Original Records of Early Nonconformity under Persecution and Indulgence 317
Anglo-American Memories 317
Queen Margot 318

NOTES 318

SCIENCE 320

DRAMA 321

MUSIC:

The Oldest Music Room in Europe—Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes 322

ART 324

FINANCE:

A Curious Week in Finance 324

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 325

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1911.

The Week

Mr. Taft's experiences prove absolutely that there is nothing the matter with the manners of Kansas. His presence in the enemy's country has been everywhere attended by exhibitions of that fierce joy which warriors feel. When Kansas disagreed with the President's speeches, it told him so. When it agreed with him, it cheered him. If, on the whole, the people of Kansas have listened to Mr. Taft with thoughtfulness rather than with enthusiasm, it is only what we should expect in a State that is generally reputed to exhibit more serious thinking to the square mile than any other State in the Union. Kansas, being one of the original homes of the Progressives, knows that the progressive idea is not incompatible with the retention of certain standpat national traits, such as our admiration for pluck, good-humor, and sincerity, all of which qualities Mr. Taft brought with him across the Missouri River. At bottom the President's outlook upon life cannot be so very different from that of the Emporia *Gazette*.

A press dispatch from Lincoln states that Mr. Bryan's toast to President Taft was "drunk standing, and at its conclusion Mr. Taft returned the compliments which the man he defeated for the Presidency had paid him." Looking further down to see what these fine compliments were, we find that they consisted in the startling declarations that Mr. Taft is "the highest official in the world"; that "the President's position is greater than a king's"; that "though in campaigns he is the leader of a party, he is, after election, the Chief Executive of the nation"; and that accordingly "he becomes the most exalted of our public servants." Doubtless the Nebraska statesman felt that the exhausting intellectual and moral effort required for the discovery and expression of these great and novel truths exempted him from the necessity of making any reference whatsoever to mere personal qualities or merits of the particular occupant of the Presidential office then before him in the flesh. At all events, he abstained from doing so; and some people will think it would have been in better taste for him also to have kept concealed within his own bosom, for the time being, the thoughts that were burning there as to the hitherto unsuspected importance of the Presidency of the United States.

Upon the awfulness of the dam disaster at Austin, Pa., it is needless to comment. The graphic accounts in the dispatches bring that home to every reader, and carry, too, as usual in such cases, many inspiring stories of bravery. Interest now centres on the question of responsibility. To determine that by the most thorough and exact inquiry, and to fix it in an indisputable way, is a task of very high importance resting upon the Pennsylvania authorities. Not only with reference to similar structures, but also with regard to matters of quite different character but involving the safety of hundreds of human beings, it is urgently necessary that when a disaster of this kind occurs the neglect or miscalculation or imperfection which caused it should be clearly exposed, and the blame for it definitely fixed. On the face of the matter, what strikes one as most salient is the fact that, although a previous break in the dam had led to an examination of it, and to its being repaired in some way, there does not seem to have been any inspection of the result by an outside authority. In other words, after the first defect had been revealed, no assurance was exacted from the owners, so far as has yet appeared, that the dam had actually been so strengthened as to make it safe for the future. Where the consequences of a defect are so appalling, failure to take every possible step to make sure that it does not exist must be regarded as criminal neglect.

There seems to be no question that the proposed new charter for New York is now an abandoned derelict at Albany. The nine Democratic Senators who refused to accept the measure as it had been whipped through the Assembly were actuated by various motives, but their opposition was so generally recognized as insurmountable and fatal that the matter was not even brought to a vote in the Senate. While giving these men their due meed of praise for standing out against the blandishments and threats of Murphy, it is evident that the thing which got home and settled the charter's business was aroused and indignant public opinion. New York city never made a stouter or more successful fight against a bad law which its alleged representatives and official authorities were endeavoring to force upon it. The chief sufferer is Mayor Gaynor. Nothing else that he has done—not all the mistakes that he has made put together—has injured him so much as his course in connection with the charter. Indeed, even if it had been enacted, the harm he has done himself with sober and thinking citizens would have been undeniable. If he had attained the object which he so stubbornly pursued, success might have glozed over, with some, the spirit he had displayed and the methods he had employed; but failure leaves all this in a pitiless light. His conduct throughout has been such that his best friends deplored it; and now the obvious result is that he has lost ground in the good opinion of the very class of citizens with whom he has professed an eager desire to stand well—ground which it will take exemplary behavior during all the rest of his term to enable him to recover.

Discounted in advance as the outcome of the Philadelphia primary has been, it is none the less gratifying to record the overwhelming defeat of the Vare effort to make the government one of, by, and for contractors. "Corrupt and contented" Philadelphia has been, but there is a limit to all things, even in the City of Brotherly Love. At any rate, fraternal affection wisely does not go to the extent of turning the city over to men who were willing to make $900,000 profits out of building a park for the city, after they had through influence and the aid of a complaisant Mayor carefully thrown out the lowest bidders for various contracts. As a result, Penrose, posing as the soul of virtue, wins by the aid of George H. Earle, jr., who will in all likelihood be the next Mayor of Philadelphia. It is not the first time that a frightened or embarrassed politician has won by the familiar trick of "pandering to decency" by putting up

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an able and clean candidate. In this case, however, it is not certain that he will be able to control Mr. Earle, if that gentleman should be able to prove his eligibility and take his place in the Mayor's office. Mr. Earle's ability no one can question. His bulldog way of sticking to a foe was well illustrated by his attacks upon the Sugar Trust, and his courage is further demonstrated by his effective attacks upon Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Earle is emphatic in stating that Senator Penrose has asked of him not a single pledge or promise.

On the reformers' side Rudolph Blankenburg's defeat of D. C. Gibboney was even more sweeping than had been expected, the latter polling only 7,488 votes on both the Keystone and Democratic tickets to Blankenburg's 44,947. That so many people should have cast their votes in the Keystone primaries is held by the Philadelphia *North American* to be an encouraging fact. It is hard, however, to figure out how Earle can be defeated at the election, though Blankenburg's popularity is deservedly great. That Mr. Gibboney's political career is at an end is probably true. It must be a source of regret that one who has rendered such yeoman service for reform in the past should in this campaign have been anything but a help to the cause. But no one will, we trust, regard the chief outcome of the election as in the slightest degree whitewashing Senator Penrose or proving that he has seen the light and become a convert to good government. Such conversion as there has been is due to fear of the primary and to the straits in which he found himself.

If any have wondered why Senator Stephenson is popular in Wisconsin, let them read his testimony of Monday before the investigating committee at Milwaukee. A more confiding and free-handed gentleman never lived. He could not bother about details; he simply gave his campaign managers whatever they asked, and told them to go in and win. Accounts? Vouchers? Bless you, how could a man who states that he is "president of more than a dozen active industries" fret himself about such miserable red tape. If he was told that his postage bill was $11,000, was he the man to demand a sight of every cancelled stamp? A similarly magnanimous spirit was shown by the Senator when his managers asked him one day for $10,000 and shortly returned for $15,000. "Didn't you ever ask them what they were doing with all that money?" "No, only in a general way." "You gave Puelicher several thousand dollars. Didn't you inquire what he wanted it for?" "No; I supposed it was some bill." Such ingratiating testimony shows how cruel it would be to deprive Republican politicians in Wisconsin of an unfailing means of outdoor relief, with a hard winter coming on.

The death of Rear-Admiral Schley is a fresh reminder that, if the civil war was fought by young men, the contrary was the case with the Spanish war. Of the distinguished naval commanders, Dewey survives. Sampson, Schley, Taylor of the Indiana, Philip of the Texas, and all but one of the commanders of Dewey's ships at the battle of Manila have died. In the army the mortality has also been great. Shafter, Otis, Lawton, Merritt, Ludlow, Guy Henry, Joseph Wheeler, Fitzhugh Lee, Hamilton S. Hawkins (the real "hero" of San Juan), and Henry C. Corbin have also passed away, leaving not half a dozen names which the reading public would recognize as those of leading actors in the drama of thirteen years ago. On the army side, Gen. Miles, now seventy-two, who has been eight years on the retired list, is the best-known survivor, if we except the colonel of the Rough Riders. Gens. Brooke, Young, Chaffee, and MacArthur, all of whom attained high rank, are also retired officers, as is Gen. James H. Wilson, who made a name for himself forty-six years ago as the captor of Jefferson Davis.

Rear-Admiral Schley was fifty-nine years old when he commanded off Santiago, an age which some people feel is too great to bear such responsibilities. But Sampson was fifty-eight, and most of the battleship commanders were close to sixty. Yet the work of not one of these was questioned on the ground of efficiency and effectiveness, save that of Schley. Young men might have done better, but those veteran captains were all men who had learned to fight in 1861-1865, and had never forgotten their lessons. Such a difference have the years made since our war with Spain that if we should have hostilities now there would be only four veterans of the civil war on duty in the army, and none in the navy, while the commanding officers would be men who were either captains or lieutenants in the regular army or lieutenants in the navy in 1898.

The new Provost of Pennsylvania, Prof. Edgar F. Smith, made an inauspicious beginning on Friday of last week by assailing the gilded butterflies who flit through college. How can he hope to be a popular president if he insists that a university is not the place to idle in genteelly for four years? He actually asserted that "no loafers should be permitted to come to any college." Even more tactless were his remarks that "too many come to college just for the social life and athletics, or because their fathers are members of the alumni, or because their mothers realize the advantage socially of a college degree; a radical reform in our colleges is needed." Evidently, this Provost is a Progressive, not to say an Anarchist. To attack the social value of our colleges is to undermine the fundamentals of our academic world. What will become of our higher institutions of learning if it should become popular to think of them as something else than places to put a polish on young gentlemen or to afford athletes an opportunity for distinction? The athletic craze, Provost Smith also attacks, and then, like that old fogy ex-President Eliot, he pretends to believe that hard, intellectual work is not only the duty of the college-man, but one of the keen, durable satisfactions of life. It is surely highly reprehensible of him to declare:

> Hundreds of young men are ruined annually by four years of dallying at college. These loafers come to college, work several hours a day, write home and tell their parents of how they are working, and then in some manner manage to slip through and graduate. But the dallying habits formed in their college years cling to them and they dally through life and accomplish little.

The action of the Otis Elevator Company in distributing nearly $30,000 among the widows and orphans of the victims of a recent explosion of molten iron by which four of its employees were killed, is highly creditable to that corporation, and is interesting also in its bearing on the general question of compensation in such cases. The coroner had pronounced the accident unavoidable and the corporation blameless; but the officers of the company

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doubtless acted upon the consideration that the workmen and their wives were blameless, too, and that the company could infinitely better stand the loss of $30,000 than the families of the workmen the blow that had fallen upon them. It is precisely upon this consideration that workingmen's-compensation acts are based—together with the additional, and most important, consideration that if the compensation is required by law, upon definite principles, it can be systematically provided for.

Probably the one-sided character of the Mexican election, as well as considerable skepticism about its fairness, is responsible for the light vote which resulted in the choice of Madero. It takes some time to get a people that has long been the victim of fraud in elections to make use of them when the freedom of voting is restored. There is doubtless much truth in reports that many thousands of votes were purchased at prices at which even a Philadelphia gangster would turn up his nose. But the election at least passed off quietly, and there is no doubt that it registered the desires of the bulk of the thinking Mexican people. The test of Madero is now to come. He has not hitherto made the impression of a very strong man, precisely as those who watched him in the field were convinced that he was not a natural-born successor to Napoleon Bonaparte. But as the man who had the courage to assail the apparently impregnable Diaz and to compel him to leave the country, most outsiders will be inclined to wish Madero all possible success and to give him the benefit of any doubts. He has a wonderful opportunity to make himself beloved of all Mexico. He cannot fail, whatever he does, to write an important chapter in his country's history.

From a man who has long been regarded as on the brink of the grave, the preface written by Joseph Chamberlain for Archdeacon Cunningham's new book, entitled "The Case Against Free Trade," is a remarkable manifestation of intellectual vigor. Indeed, it deserves this characterization without any reference whatever to the age or the health of the veteran statesman. The telling force of his terse English, the compact strength of his argument, the glow and color of his appeal to patriotic sentiment, give to this little address, filling less than a newspaper column, an effectiveness which may well excite the hopeless envy of any of the present leaders of the Unionist party, and make the rank and file of it feel afresh the incalculable loss which the anti-free-trade cause suffered when its protagonist was compelled by ill health to retire from the centre of the field. But it happens that, in spite of all this, his critics should be able to show up two weaknesses in Mr. Chamberlain's plea which, taken together, are absolutely fatal. Originally, and until within the last few years, he rested his case as much upon the alleged failure of free trade from a purely business standpoint as upon the need of his plan of colonial preference from the standpoint of imperial policy. The history of British trade in the past eight or ten years has so completely taken the ground from under the first of these arguments that recently it has fallen completely into the background. But never has there been so complete an acknowledgment of its collapse as is tacitly furnished by the total absence of it from Mr. Chamberlain's preface to "The Case Against Free Trade."

This is the first weakness. The other comes from a blow that has been dealt by fate since Mr. Chamberlain wrote the preface. His appeal turns wholly on the Imperial issue; and its climax is reached in this reference to Canada's reciprocity agreement with the United States:

> Such a state of things cannot last. We are in a position of unsettled equilibrium. The early prophecies of tariff reformers are being only too surely realized, and the neglect of our opportunities, coupled with the increasing pressure of the economic policy of foreign countries, has already driven the Government of one of our dominions to enter into those close ties of reciprocal preference with a foreign country which our refusal, and that alone, has prevented them from establishing with the mother land.

Well, Canada has refused, by an overwhelming majority, to enter into "those close ties of reciprocal preference with a foreign country." She has done so without being brought to do it by any departure of the mother country from its own established policy of free trade. The recent electoral result may prove nothing as regards the strength or depth of Canadian loyalty to England; but if it proves anything, it proves that the free-trade Unionists have been right, and not Mr. Chamberlain. It has been their contention all along that the loyalty of the colonial dominions has a surer foundation if left to rest, as it does now, on the ties of sentiment and tradition and general good will and mutual interest than if it were made to depend on the give-and-take of tariff dickers.

At the recent celebration of the five-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University of St. Andrews, the Rectorial address was delivered by Lord Rosebery, and it was finely imagined and inspiring. In order to make history live again, the orator fancied the first Rector of the University condemned to an earthly immortality, like one of Swift's "Struldbrugs," and appearing on the festival occasion to speak of his experience of five centuries. In a rapid and piquant survey, Lord Rosebery in this way gave his audience a vivid glimpse of the immense humane progress of the world since the cruel and starveling day when St. Andrews first opened her doors. The inevitable effect was a kindling message of good cheer.

From the lips of the man who, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, had "chewed the cud" of the centuries, the Rectorial address could not fail to be like that of Carlyle at Edinburgh University, in closing with an exhortation to hope. Mere quotation cannot do justice to the sweep and power of such an address, but we must cite a few words:

> How, then, would our undying Rector sum up? "Be of good cheer," I think he would say, "you have gained enormously in my long recollection, much in freedom, much in prosperity, and in the admiration of mankind for your race. If there are momentary shadows, remember that depression often arises from too limited a view. There are ages and cycles in history. The man who judges from a lustre should enlarge his range. He may live under a cloud for a moment, but he should raise his eyes to the hills and remember the eternities. . . . I have seen cyclones in which thrones toppled over like ninepins and sublime heads rolled in the dust like apples in an orchard; I have seen eclipses that seemed eternal and rivers as in Egypt turn to blood; I have seen life and death and glory chasing each other like shadows on a summer sea, and all has seemed to be vanity. But I remain in the conviction that, though individuals may suffer, when we take stock of a century at its end we shall find that the world is better and happier than it was at the beginning. *Sursum corda*," he would continue, "and lift up your hearts, for the world is moving onwards. Its chariot wheels may crush for the moment, but it does not move to evil; it is guided from above, and guided, we may be sure, with wisdom and goodness which cannot fail."

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HOW REFORMS GROW.

Scribner's for October has some hitherto unpublished letters by Gen. Grant. They were written between 1877 and 1885 to his old friend, Gen. E. F. Beale, and, while they contain little of public importance, they serve to light up for us again Grant's simple and unsophisticated nature. Writing from abroad in September, 1877, the General touched for a moment upon political affairs. One passage is striking both in itself and for what it suggests:

> The progress of civil service reform—a very flexible reform, or humbug, that justifies whatever a few dissatisfied politicians want—comes by instalments. There are two humbugs which Mr. Hayes will find out—for I believe he is an honest, sincere man, and patriot—one is civil service reform, the other reformers. This is my judgment. Let us see.

In that language we certainly get the blunt quality of Grant, with his contempt for ideas which he did not understand or did not like. As will be remembered, he had been led to make a few experiments toward a reform of the civil service, but they had not turned out well, or interested politicians had assured him that they had not, so that he took a disgust with the whole subject. Possibly it was an old irritation revived in his mind that made him write of the matter to Gen. Beale as he did. Nor would it be wronging Grant to say of him that he never fairly grasped the waste and barbarity of the unchecked spoils system, and never got a clear notion of what the reformers were driving at. Perhaps it was too early for any President fully to enter into the spirit of the agitation; at any rate, Grant was not the man to do it. His letter, however, gives not only his opinion but his prediction, and the latter was ludicrously wide of the mark—he himself lived to "see" how wide.

A good measure of the great change which seven years were to bring is furnished in this same number of *Scribner's*. The historian, Mr. James Ford Rhodes, is the author of an article on President Cleveland's Administrations. It is the first of two which he is to write, and this one is largely devoted to Mr. Cleveland's relations to civil-service reform, and the achievements for which it is indebted to him. It is not necessary to go over the whole story. The President had a firm belief in the reform principle, and did much for it; but he felt the limitations imposed by party; he was sometimes querulous and even angry with "the self-constituted guardians" of the reform, as he called them; and had his backslidings as well as his steps forward. At the end, however, he had made a signal advance, as Mr. Rhodes shows by the official evidence. By the time Cleveland left the White House, he had more than doubled the number of offices in the classified list—the total reached 87,000 at the end of his second term—and he was able to declare in his last annual message that, except for the fourth-class postmasters, "it may be said that practically all positions contemplated by the civil-service law are now classified." So much for what was to Gen. Grant, twenty years before, only "humbug"!

We have referred to the convenient showing within the covers of a single magazine of the way in which reform makes head against skepticism and hostility, not only because the matter has interest in itself, but because it illustrates the method by which all good causes in this world "get forrard." The new ideas at first beat upon the minds of public men in vain. They are thrown back like rubber balls from a stone wall. We say customarily that the time was not ripe, but we mean that men's consciences were not sensitive nor their intellects open. Lincoln was what we should now call a spoils President, mainly because the very conception of any other political method had not risen above his horizon. We can see now that Grant, though some reformers urged his election on the ground that a plain and honest man like him, who was also a rigid disciplinarian, would cast aside the rubbishy spoilsmen, was really hopeless in such matters. They had no appeal to his nature or to the men about him. Yet that was no reason for the champions of the reform to cease working and arguing. It was because they kept on crying out and sparing not that in time the needed atmosphere was created in which the new ideas could thrive. After Grant came Hayes, who did much for civil-service reform, and then Cleveland, who did more, and finally Roosevelt and Taft still further to advance the principle and extend its application. It was the old moral of the stone which the builders rejected becoming the head of the corner.

Most political reforms have their well-recognized stages. First they are described as "humbug" or pure lunacy; then they begin to be talked of as attractive but Utopian; next they are grudgingly accepted in theory but kept out of practice; finally a timid and reluctant experiment with them is tried, they are found to work well, and after that, the breach being made in the dam, the waters come out with a rush. When politicians live long enough, they take pride in advocating the very reforms which as young men they had denounced as dreamers' nonsense or canting hypocrisy. Not everything that is at first unpopular is reform. It is well to make a note of that. Simply because a man is attacked to-day he may not be certain that he will be praised and fêted to-morrow. He may be, and may deserve to be, attacked both days. But any party or group or individual that has hold of a vital and germinating principle of political progress may well take heart of hope from the history of civil-service reform, and other progressive movements, and press on with the confidence of a Gladstone that, whatever may be the temporary ebbing, in the end the flowing tide will be on the right side.

REGULARS AND MILITIA.

In his annual report, just published, Brig.-Gen. Tasker H. Bliss makes severe criticism of the militia which attended the California manœuvre camp. In substance, he finds that some organizations were so imperfectly instructed as to be unable to participate properly in the manœuvres. It was like asking children to go to high school before having mastered the rudiments of an education. Moreover, they were far below par in numbers. Hence, Gen. Bliss thinks that to send any organization to camp until it has been passed upon by a regular officer and found to be qualified and to possess a sufficient enrolment is to waste the Government's funds and to confer little benefit upon the organizations trained. With this opinion most military men will, we think, agree. On the other hand, Gen. Bliss's views are interesting National Guard officers in other States, who question whether their troops can ever be raised to the required standards, under which the maximum benefit may be derived from manœuvres that simulate actual warfare.

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The difficulty is largely a variance of ideals and aims. From the regular-army point of view manœuvres on a large scale are the thing. Their men are well trained in the school of the soldier, in battalion and regimental drills. What they are lacking in is brigade instruction and divisional experience. The militia officers whom Gen. Bliss criticised might retort by calling attention to the chaos that followed for a time the organization of the Texas manœuvre camp, and ask just how ready that regular column was to undertake an immediate movement into Mexico. They could quote the *Infantry Journal* to prove that the whole military system broke down. But if they thus have their *tu quoque*, this only brings out more clearly the need of large camps to train the higher regular officers in their staff duties, and the generals in the handling of considerable bodies of men. It ought to be the regulars' belief that the general at the head is the man who profits most in the entire camp. Can that, however, be reconciled with the need of the National Guardsman? His drill season lasts from October to May; his instruction is carried on usually within four walls; he marches almost never. Is it best for him to go direct to a manœuvre camp and be a pawn in a *Kriegsspiel*, even though side by side with regulars?

Does he really get the maximum of profit out of his week or ten days in the open? About this there will always, we fancy, be two opinions. With the closer relations of the regular army and the National Guard, the old State's rights ideal of the latter has almost vanished. The training is no longer for riot or police duty; the Guard is now much oftener thought of as a reserve to the regulars than as the force which bulwarks the authority of a State. Hence, instead of having camps of single regiments devoted to teaching individuals how to care for themselves in the field and to instructing them in the battalion and regimental drills they get so rarely in their armories, the effort is to train them to guard the backs of our coast defences, or to use them precisely as regulars are handled in the war-games. It is inevitable that there should be some dissatisfaction and considerable jealousy; that militia officers in many States should regret the change, and insist that the effort to make regular reserves out of their men will spoil useful State troops and produce only half or quarter-baked imitations of regulars; that a wiser policy would be to give a sound primary, or let us say common school, military training before the high school and the college were attempted.

Again, the problem is complicated because of the varying efficiency of the different State units. The militia of a rural State like Iowa or South Carolina is not as efficient as that of a State like New York, or Massachusetts, or Pennsylvania. The raw human material may be finer in Iowa or Kentucky, but the possibilities of training and the advantages of large cities are not there. Perhaps Gen. Bliss would not have made his complaint had his camp been in the East or Middle West. Here in New York, for instance, a majority of the officers believe, if our reports are correct, that their troops are far enough along to profit by joint manœuvres with regulars. But they admit that the Pine Plains camp this year, when two whole brigades were in camp without regulars, was of enormous benefit to their men. There was, it is true, a reaction toward the unnecessary reviews and parades of the "good old militia days." But the usefulness of the programme appears from the following summary taken from the *Army and Navy Journal:*

> Gen. Roe's programme of instruction was progressive, embracing a riding school for mounted officers, schools for officers and non-commissioned officers, a regimental parade nightly, followed by regimental guard mounting; close and extended order drills, practical talks and tactical walks for the officers and non-commissioned officers, exercises in attack by battalions and regiments, exercises in advance guard, rear guard, flank guards, and patrols, outpost duty, problems of attack and defence of a position, and a discussion on the ground.

To our mind this was an altogether admirable programme, save that greater stress might have been laid upon marching and erecting bivouacs for the night. We are entirely clear that the organizations in this camp are to-day better soldiers than they would have been had they instead gone to manœuvres such as those held at Manassas, when the troops were hurried from one place to another over hot, dusty roads, with almost no knowledge of what it was all about. Some good the individual unquestionably got there; our citizen soldiery learns something every time it marches out; but the rate of progress naturally varies. We are not aware just how extensive a manœuvre plan Gen. Bliss adopted at his camp, but his complaint shows that it was beyond the abilities of the militia, and that the time and money would have been far better spent in a camp like Gen. Roe's. Five years from now the situation may be different. At present the development of the militia seems to call primarily for camp instruction of this kind, with as many regular-army instructors, both commissioned and non-commissioned, individuals and organizations, as the War Department can spare.

BUSINESS TIMIDITY.

The large business of the country, we heard over and over again, has been in desperate need of being "reassured." Great bankers and leading captains of industry have been waiting with bated breath for what President Taft might say in his announced Iowa speech on the relations of the Government to business activity. Well, the fateful deliverance was made at last, and what is its tenor? As you like it! One gallant Republican newspaper joins the ranks of the reassurers, and prints the Presidential speech with the big black head-lines, "Taft Calls Halt in War on Prosperity." Another paper is not so reassured, and puts at the top of the column the words, "Trust Laws Must be Enforced—Taft." Still another, a fairly conservative organ, prints: "Taft Insists on Trusts Dissolving." You pays your money and you takes your choice.

The obvious fact is, of course, that the President said nothing on Thursday of last week which he had not said a dozen times before. There was the same firm declaration that the Department of Justice must and would prosecute all business combinations in violation of the law. The Chief Executive could have said no less than this and retained his own self-respect, not to speak of the respect of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Taft affirmed, as he had repeatedly done before—as Roosevelt did more than once and as every President in his senses must do—that the Government has no desire to injure legitimate business. The President also disclaimed sympathy with those unnamed people who are making attacks upon prosperity and seeking to penalize success in business, and called upon them to come to a better mind. But who are these troublers of Israel? Why, the names

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most frequently mentioned of late are Attorney-General Wickersham and President Taft himself! It was their pernicious activity in bringing suits and calling upon Trusts to square themselves with the law which was causing stocks to fall and business to halt. If only Wall Street could have a "reassuring word" from the President, has been the despairing cry. But that really meant, if it meant anything, that he was to reassure the business community against himself. Merely to put that Wall Street hope into words was enough to show how illusory and absurd it was.

We are, however, less concerned with the President's speech than with the extraordinary state of mind upon which it fell. Capital is timid, we know, but is that any reason for its being hysterical? It is the duty of business men, we admit, to watch affairs closely and to be on the alert for danger-signals, but is that a justification for being foolish in argument or abject in spirit? The language used during the past few weeks by men of high standing in the commercial world is little creditable to them. We have had the old story over again: can anything go wrong in business and the President not be responsible? Simply because there is a slump in the market and general trade is not satisfactory, we are to believe that the Administration is a dead failure and the Chief Executive recreant to his duty. Mr. Taft is now subject to much the same kind of complaint and even abuse that were visited upon President Cleveland in 1894-95, and upon President Roosevelt in 1907. Business conditions which are the result of large economic forces, and financial strains due to huge speculative folly, are charged directly upon the President, as if he alone were at fault; and because he does nothing to stop what he did not cause, and really has no power to stop, he is called a fool or a knave.

To say that this attitude is unworthy of business leaders, is to put the matter mildly. Their display of moral quality is disheartening. We are accustomed to speak highly of their courage, their sagacity, their far-sightedness and indomitable spirit. That praise is frequently deserved, but it must be said that under the threat of financial difficulties, or in the pinch of market depression, they too often act like men who have no reserves of coolness and pluck. It is most discouraging to find them looking to the Government as the source of all prosperity and the cause of every financial adversity, and going with the multitude of limp dependents on Washington for every blessing. If it were simply a question of getting a plausible "point" for an operation in stocks, up or down, the affair would not be so serious. One knows how speculators grasp at straws, and are influenced, or think their rivals are, by every "rumor" that floats about the Exchange. In such an atmosphere, and upon men so minded, it may well be that the gossip and "tips" and hopes and fears about what the President may or may not do or say, will have temporary effect. But the problem to which sober financiers with a reputation to lose have to address themselves, is far larger and more important. They have to deal with questions world-wide in their scope, and with industrial and financial conditions into which subtle but powerful economic causes enter. What they ought to give us is some reasonable explanation, some steadying point of view, some practical guidance; but instead, they go off with the crowd into the unrealities and superstitions about all coming right if only the President would do something to remove their fright. But their timidity sometimes seems so unmanly as to appear craven.

DISCUSSING THE SOCIAL EVIL.

The decision of some Chicago post-office censors to exclude from the mails the admirable report of the Chicago Vice Commission seems the less excusable the more the facts are examined. The Commission itself was appointed by the Mayor. It was headed by Dean Walter T. Sumner, and comprised thirty of the best known clergymen, teachers, and social workers of Chicago, among them Rabbi Hirschberg, President Harris of Northwestern University, Mr. Olson, the Chief Justice of the Municipal Courts; Bishop Shaffer, Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, the United States District Attorney, Edwin W. Sims, and Prof. Graham Taylor. Five thousand dollars was appropriated by the City Council for the use of the Commission in 1910, and a similar amount for 1911. When the Commission reported in April last, the publication of its findings was authorized by the City Council. The post-office authorities have therefore excluded a book bearing the official approval of the city of Chicago, to say nothing of the stamp placed upon it by the character of the public-spirited Commission which compiled it. More than that, this report was sent through the mails from April 5 on, three editions having appeared by August 1, without hindrance from the postal authorities.

Their attention was attracted, it appears, only when Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jr., decided to send out several thousand copies at his own expense to a selected list of sociologists and social workers the country over. Thus it appears that the volume was not being offered for sale, nor being sent abroad promiscuously, to fall into the hands of young persons, for whom it was obviously not intended. But the postal authorities, interpreting some regulation narrowly, have denied to this scientific work the special circulation besought for it. The same post-office authorities made no objection to the printing by the daily newspapers of the disgusting details of the Thaw case and other sensational murder and divorce trials. They look not at the spirit or purpose of this particular book; they are apparently only impressed by the fact that it discusses with frankness, but decency, things that are not usually talked about in polite society. Sanger's standard "History of Prostitution" goes through the mails unchallenged. So does Upton Sinclair's "Jungle," and, more latterly, Mr. Reginald Kauffman's "House of Bondage," a dreadful story written with the excellent purpose of arousing people to the evil alliance of politics and prostitution and the horrors of the white-slave trade. Yet the latter, if it got into the wrong hands, would, it seems to us, be more damaging than the cold statement of facts of the Chicago Vice Commission.

If it were necessary to bear further testimony to the value of this report, we might add that a similar body appointed recently by the Mayor of Minneapolis declared that it could add nothing to the Chicago body's diagnosis of the evil and presentation of facts. It based its recommendations on their statement of the case, modified only by special Minneapolis circumstances. What better proof could there be of the value of the Chicago publication or its fitness to take its place in the libraries of the country? There it will be, whatever

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the final decision of the Post Office, and there it ought to be. For a remarkable change has of late years come over the public on this very question of vice. Heretofore only a few persons have dared to discuss it; the literature of the subject has been scanty and often untrustworthy; there were few if any places where questions arising out of it could be discussed so that one man could correct his judgment by the experience or knowledge of another. So those who ought to have grappled with this disease of society have played into the hands of the panderers by turning their backs upon it, by ignoring what was happening under their noses, and have actually tried to safeguard the youth of the country by saying nothing about it. Now, people have come to realize that under proper conditions this question must be debated and studied precisely as people have discussed the scourge of consumption. All this does not, of course, mean that the subject is to be bandied about at all times and places or to become a matter of after-dinner discourse. But it is desired to treat the evil without hysteria or sensationalism, as one menacing our homes.

In other words, in our opinion, when the Post Office acts as censor in a matter of this kind, it ought to ask the purpose of a given publication, the character of the people behind it, and the sincerity of the work. There are some books afloat which are, we hear, having considerable influence on the young, the tone of which and their rather morbid character might well be questioned. But if these textbooks are to be tolerated, it ought to be easy for intelligent officials to weed out those publications that under the guise of morality have at bottom no other purpose than to make money by a crafty appeal to the baser instincts or prurient curiosity of the general public.

ITALY'S LAME EXCUSES.

The statement issued to the American press by the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, through Italy's consul-general in New York, is characterized by a wealth of detail, where detail is not very important, and by a significant silence on the vital point at issue. The nature of the separate items in the list of Turkey's transgressions suggests that absolutely nothing that could be framed in the indictment has been omitted. Names, dates, and the exact number of dollars involved are given in each case. But when we come to the really important question as to what has been the Turkish Government's attitude in the matter of averting war, we plunge into eloquent generalization:

> We found in Constantinople alternatively either a Government which gave mellifluous words and promises which afterwards were not sustained by corresponding facts, or a Government without authority which was unable to impose obedience on its dependents, a Government which lacked the strength to impose respect and observance of treaties, capitulations, and contracted obligations; in other words, a Government which has failed to keep towards Italy its international duties.

Why are there no instances and dates here of Italy's protests to the Porte, and of the Porte's failure to give satisfaction? What basis is there for the easy assumption that for Italy there was no alternative between submitting to Turkish maltreatment and the declaration of war after twenty-four hours' notice?

Doing business with the Turkish Government is a task that calls for much patience; that is a commonplace of international politics. Every leading Power in Europe, and this country as well, has repeatedly experienced the shufflings and delays and evasions that are the chief characteristic of Ottoman diplomacy. But the civilized world has come to look upon Turkish diplomatic procedure as something that must be taken for granted, in the same way that the methods of Chinese diplomacy are taken for granted. Part of the excuse for this may be in the national psychology of the Turk; but the main reason why the world is patient with the Porte is because the world is aware that this kind of diplomacy is at bottom the only kind of defence left to a Government that for so many years has lived on sufrance. Even diplomacy is human at times and recognizes the right of everybody to defend himself to the best of his abilities. That is why leading Governments will put up with vexations from Constantinople that they would not endure at the hands of a more powerful nation than Turkey. When the Government in question finally does lose patience, a note couched in terms of unmistakable firmness, followed up, possibly, by a naval demonstration, brings the Porte to terms.

Such a course was undoubtedly open to Italy, if she had chosen to follow it. The attitude of the Turkish Government even to the present day shows plainly that Italy could not only have obtained satisfaction of her grievances in Asia Minor, the Red Sea, and elsewhere, outside of Tripoli, but that even on the question of Tripoli Italy could have obtained liberal concessions, if she had only been willing to take into account the necessities of the present Constitutional régime at Constantinople. There is a hypocritical smack to that part of the Italian Government's declaration in which it speaks of its warm sympathy for the Young Turks and its desire "to give time for the consolidation of the new régime." It was not expressing sympathy for the Liberal régime in Turkey to make public announcement that Italy offered the Young Turks a choice between taking indemnity for Tripoli or war. The Turkish Government could not have accepted money for a province of the empire without endangering its own existence. Hence the alternative offered by Italy was no alternative at all. In such crises, the weaker Government is usually concerned with "saving its face," a process in which the stronger Government coöperates. But Italy has refused even this solace to the Turkish Government.

The Italian Government will thus have to do much better than it has done up to now, if it would really convince the world that its attack upon Turkey was necessary or even had any sufficient provocation. Its action throughout seems to show that its object is not even to get Tripoli, so much as to get Tripoli through war. Patriotism was to be gratified by providing a pleasant bit of occupation for the expensive Italian navy. Other nations have been sending gunboats and cruisers to critical places and dragging them across the diplomatic checkerboard and in other ways getting money's worth out of them. Italy alone has had to be content without such excitement and glory. The opportunity may have appealed to an astute Minister with a general election not so far off. For electoral purposes it would presumably not have been enough to cite Turkey to appear before the Hague Tribunal for a permanent adjustment of differences, precisely after the fashion in which Italy is at the present moment settling her differences with several South American republics. Seemingly, even a naval demonstration in force

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would not have brought glory enough. Nothing but the "hold-up" of a defenceless nation would suit the purpose.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Two novels said to be more or less undisguisedly autobiographical command special attention among recent publications in German fiction. Both are convincingly frank and sincere, yet spare the reader. "Der Erzketzer" (Berlin: F. Fontane), by Ernst von Wolzogen, traces the life of a literary man of aristocratic lineage who is considered an arch-heretic by his family because he has the courage of his convictions and has violated their social code by marrying a girl from the middle class. When the wife proves narrow-minded and seriously hinders him in the work which is their sole source of maintenance, complications set in which apparently corroborate the family's estimate of his character. An interesting episode shows a phase of literary life in Berlin; the centre of a group of types portrayed with striking originality is a generous Jewish publisher and his Circe-like wife, who dispenses fame and works defeat at will.

Helene Böhlau's "Isebies" (Munich: Albert Langen) hardly needed the portrait of the author and the man with whom her life was linked to inform the readers that her own experiences are recorded in that book. The author of "Ratsmädelgeschichten" and other delightful tales of Weimar folk has long been an object of much conjecture on the part of those who had vaguely heard of her unusual career, and it is well that she has given to the world this faithful record. Helene Böhlau, the daughter of an old family prominently identified with the literary life of Weimar, eloped in her teens with a man old enough to be her father. Moreover, that man was married, but his wife was willing to release him from his vows to her; however, to be free to marry his young mate, he went to Turkey and embraced the Moslem faith, wherefore the author has since affixed to her name a parenthetical "Frau Al Raschid Bey." These bald facts do not convey the least idea of the strangeness of this romance, which deserves a place among the love stories of the world. The charm of the book is in the inimitable manner in which the facts of the story are welded into a superbly harmonious and poetic whole. The flexible style of the author has a note for every shade of sentiment, for every mood and fancy of the sensitive, highly differentiated men and women who are the actors in this drama. There are charming glimpses of child-life and girlhood; interesting reminiscences of Goethe and Liszt days; and there are remarkable portraits, foremost among them that of the heroine's grandmother. But, above all, the book fascinates by the spell of the author's rare personality.

The work of Gerhard Ouckama Knoop always suggests a thoughtful observer stationed at some remote point from which he views the passing show with something like an indulgent smile. His latest work, "Verfallstag" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), is a fair specimen of his manner. It is a drama of luckless lives set in a period which, immediately succeeding the revolutionary movements of 1848, was one of reaction and in some respects of stagnation. The plot revolves about the fate of two Englishwomen of gentle birth, who have somehow missed their chance of procuring a comfortable berth in the world and drift about helplessly until the tide overtakes them and buries them. Children of a past generation, they are admirably outlined portraits of the non-resistant, the "womanly woman," rapidly becoming an extinct type in the brutal struggle for existence.

Ida Boy-Ed in her new novel, "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner), has struck the note of unrest and discontent prevailing in much of the fiction written to-day by women about women. The title suggests an apology for the heroine's course of action. When a bride of some months, her husband, a marine officer, has accepted a commission which has taken him to Asia. In solitude, the longing for him is intensified, because she is about to become a mother. When the child is born and the father is not there to welcome it, she feels as if it had no father at all and begins to harbor resentment against the absent husband. An old lover appears and awakening memories of a happy girlhood brings the emotional crisis. She has almost grown indifferent toward the distant husband, and when he asks her to join him and adds in an offhand manner that the child might be taken care of by his mother, she refuses and suggests separation. The author traces the development of this interesting conflict with such logical consistency that the conciliatory end of the story is unexpected and seems unnatural. The atmosphere of the old Hansa town is palpably conveyed, and the characters, born and bred of its soil, prove the author's intimate knowledge of her people.

Humor is so rare a quality in German fiction to-day that the rapid rise of Rudolf Presber since the publication of his book "Von Leutchen die ich lieb gewann" is not surprising. Readers with a taste for the wholesome have begun to look forward to every new work from his pen and are likely to welcome warmly his latest achievement, "Die bunte Kuh" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner). From the quiet of a South-German town he has transplanted into the noisy bustle of Berlin two old-fashioned provincial bachelors. Kasimir Rübsam has been a tanner, but has retired prematurely from active business to enjoy in leisure his comfortable income. Ignaz Spüry, a repository of stupendous knowledge, as varied as it is unrelated, is ever reading and collecting and holding forth on the bubonic plague and Platonic ethics, the electric eel, and cyanide of potassium, but has never engaged in a professional career and modestly wears the indefinite title "Privatgelehrter." The enterprising Rübsam would like to launch him on the road to fame, but the duty to watch the steps of a nephew who comes from a country parsonage to get his Dr. Theol. becomes all-absorbing. The generous allowance of the unsophisticated youth attracts to him a host of friends whom he supposes to be the leaders of the country's intellectual life. The uncle, too, is victimized by individuals that sponge upon the credulous in large cities. The author makes these three innocents the centre of a canvas populated by as motley a crowd as one can see in the metropolitan panorama, and mildly caricatures the individual personages.

Karl Söhle's bit of fiction, "Der heilige Gral" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is of a more limited appeal, but in its way is a unique performance, since the love element is absent. The scene is a small German town and the *dramatis personæ* are a group of enthusiastic musical dilettanti, such as one can hardly find outside of that country. The soul of the duo and trio nights when Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert transport the performers to higher spheres is a man who, in his professional life, dispenses justice from the bench. He is the patron of a talented young violinist who on going to the city to continue his studies disgraces himself and is disowned. The disappointment deeply affects the judge, who begins to show his age, and though his life receives a new musical impulse by the formation of a singing society of which he becomes the conductor, the musical prestige of the town threatens to dwindle. But when the information is received that the prodigal has redeemed his pledge and has been admitted to a prominent seat among the first violins at Bayreuth, the old gentleman undertakes the pilgrimage, not only to hear "Parsifal," but to see his young friend. The impression which the performance makes upon him is admirably reflected by the author: he himself is Amfortas, redeemed by the Grail, and reconciled with his protégé he returns to startle his Anti-Wagnerian friends with the statement that the music of "Parsifal" has worked his salvation.

Max Geissler records in "Das Heidejahr" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) the experiences of a man of culture who has taken up his abode among the peo-

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ple of the country, and who becomes not only a sympathetic observer but a helpful neighbor. The plot deals with the loves and hates and family feuds of the native peasantry. A certain Frau Magret reigns over this little world with a measure of justifiable autocracy. Standing out against the specimens of rustic degeneracy which the author portrays with faithfulness, her figure assumes the proportions of a rural superwoman and deserves to rank among the most remarkable heroines of village fiction. The coming into the community of a family of outsiders which Frau Magret has persuaded to settle there, instead of emigrating to America, the founding of a school, and other incidents give opportunity to touch upon economic problems.

The latest product of Hermann Sudermann's prolific pen is a volume of stories under the title "Die indische Lilie" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), which are not likely to enhance his reputation. The burden of the book is the same as that of its slim predecessor of more than twenty-five years ago, "Im Zwielicht." Then the manner of these smart and daring tales of erotic entanglements was new to German readers. Now the teutonizing of Maupassant has been greatly overdone. Nor can it be denied that a comparison of the two books shows that Sudermann's treatment of such topics has deteriorated, rather than improved. He suggests his situations with less refinement; he paints his portraits with coarser strokes, and, however he may vary his favorite types, the man and woman with nothing to live for but animal self-indulgence, he fails to interest the reader in their experiences. Of the five stories dealing with the relation of the sexes "Herbst" has something like an ethical significance and is altogether the most finished. In the story which gives the book its title, the latch-key which so effectively closes a clever sketch in the earlier book is the instrument of dénouement. "Fröhliche Leut'" is a somewhat grotesque Christmas tale. The rambling fantasies over a tea-pot called "Thea" suggest symbolically disguised confessions, and by their imaginative quality and some poetic passages redeem the dominant note of cynicism that runs through the volume. A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The "Primitiæ" of Connop Thirlwall is now a rare book. The future Bishop of St. David's was an extraordinary instance of juvenile precocity. He could read English satisfactorily at so early an age that he was taught Latin when three, and when four years old could read Greek with fluency, and by the time he was eleven had added French to his repertory. His mother one day asked his elder brother to write on some subject for self-improvement. Connop asked to be allowed to try also. The result was that he produced this little essay, "On the Uncertainty of Life":

How uncertain is life! For no man can tell in what hour he shall leave this world. What numbers are snatched away in the bloom of youth, and turn the fine expectations of their parents into sorrow! The young man may die by evil habits; what a grief to the parent! What a disgrace to the child! All the promising pleasures of this life will fade, and we shall be buried in the dust.

God takes away a good prince from his subjects, only to transplant him into everlasting joys in heaven. A good man is not dispirited by death, for it only takes him away that he may feel the pleasures of a better world. Death comes unawares, but never takes virtue with it. Edward VI died in his minority, and disappointed his subjects, to whom he had promised a happy reign.

This essay, or sermonette, it is noted, was "composed June 30, 1804. Seven years old." Led on by parental fondness, the boy's father made a selection of his essays, which are mostly short sermons, and these, with six pieces of verse, were printed in a volume with this title page:

Primitiæ:
or,
Essays and Poems
on various subjects,
Religious,
Moral and Entertaining.
By
Connop Thirlwall,
Eleven years of age.
Dedicated by permission to the Lord Bishop of Dromore.
The Preface by his Father,
The Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, M.A.
Minister of Tavistock Chapel, Broadcourt, Long-Acre:
Lecturer of St. Dunstan,
Stepney, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Dromore.
London:
Printed for the Author,
by T. Plummer, Seething Lane.
1809.
12mo. pp. xvi+228+xx.

The frontispiece is the portrait of the wonder-child, and shows a broad brow and a lofty head. A friend who knew him in later life said that the picture reminded him of Thirlwall at seventy!

When the young author was sent soon after the appearance of the "Primitiæ" as a day pupil to the Charterhouse, he had for contemporaries Havelock, Grote, Julius Hare, and the two Waddingtons. But in his letters written at this time to John Candler there is nothing about school or schoolmates. His epistolary talk is entirely of books and intellectual interests. And throughout his life, while men paid tribute to his mental powers, they regarded him as a being aloof, and only a few penetrated to the kindliness and nobility of his spirit. He brought a freer breeze of criticism into English theology. Apropos of this, it may be worth mentioning that in the course of the now forgotten controversy over "Essays and Reviews" there appeared a pamphlet entitled "Essays and Reviews Anticipated," which dealt mainly with Thirlwall's translation of Schleiermacher on St. Luke. The pamphlet criticised the action of the Bishop of St. David's in joining the rest of the Episcopal bench in condemning "Essays and Reviews." Thirlwall defended his action in the *Spectator*, April 20, 1861, as well as in a charge printed in his "Remains." At the time this attack was attributed to George Eliot (See Thirlwall's "Letters to a Friend," p. 234). What truth was there in this suspicion?

To return to his juvenile book. There is, of course, no originality in it. It is fluently written, but is necessarily merely an echo of the thoughts and pulpit commonplaces which he would hear from his father and his father's friends. Some of the verses are clever, but they also are echoes of the poetry of Pope and of his imitators. When Thirlwall was a scholar of world-wide fame, this book became a veritable thorn in the flesh to him. In reply to a question about the book, Thirlwall wrote to his Welsh friend, Miss Johns:

I am glad to have a sign of life from you. . . . But it could not have shown itself in a more unfortunate way than such a request. I am sure that if you knew the point in my foot which gives me pain you would not select that to kick or tread upon; and I am equally sure that if you had been aware of the intense loathing with which I think of the subject of your note you would not have recalled it to my mind. When Mrs. P—— in the simplicity of her heart, and no doubt believing it to be an agreeable topic to me, told me at dinner on Thursday that she possessed the hated volume, it threw a shade over my enjoyment of the evening, and it was with a great effort that, after a pause, I could bring myself to resume the conversation. If I could buy up every copy for the flames, without risk of a reprint, I should hardly think any price too high. Let me entreat you never again to remind me of its existence. ("Letters to a Friend." Pp. 155-156.).

But the friends of the family had subscribed so liberally for copies that Thirlwall could not exterminate the book, of which an edition of some six hundred copies at least must have been printed. Bishop Percy led off with an order for forty copies!

What in the world would the good Bishop do with forty copies? The bibliophile of to-day may well rest content if he can procure one copy of this little book, which testifies to the remarkable attainments in his boyish days of one who was to become one of the greatest scholars of the nineteenth century. William E. A. Axon.

Manchester, England.

Correspondence

QUIXOTISM IN HEROES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a novel as in real life, I suppose a dash of Quixotism is necessary to the making of a hero. It helps to preserve him from the insipidity of which Hazlitt complained. But nowadays there seems to be a demand for heroes who shall outdo the Don with Quixotism in general. Are there any imaginable circumstances which would make it right and wise for a man to assume the blame for a detestable act which another man has committed? This is a delicate question, and I don't mean to try to answer it. Possibly there may be such circumstances, though I haven't been able to think of any, and (which is more to the point), neither have the novelists who have made their heroes attack this sort of windmills. The trouble is that in these cases the sacrifice of self is so likely to include the sacrifice of other innocent persons. When a man begins to sacrifice his friends to a fine-spun scruple of honor, I can't help suspecting that he is either of unsound mind or playing to the galleries.

The situation is always triangular: it involves, besides the hero and the villain, a woman with whom either one or both of them are in love. In some instances the

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villain is the trusted and admired friend of the hero; in others, he is connected either with the hero's family or with the woman's. In William J. Locke's "Where Love Is," the villain is the hero's friend. Under a false name he has seduced a poor man's wife. He is engaged to marry the heroine with whom, of course, the hero is also in love. At a lawn fête at the home of the heroine, the wronged husband, half insane, appears in search of the seducer. To save the situation the hero publicly avows that he is the man, expecting that his friend will later clear him. But the friend instead offers him money, which of course he returns, and thereafter he utterly refuses to expose his friend's rascality. The result is much misery for every one concerned, especially for the heroine and for the hero's adopted daughter, whose *engagement in consequence of the affair* is broken off. In R. W. Child's "Jim Hands," also, the hero assumes responsibility for the seduction of a woman by the villain, who is in this case his sister's husband. He does this to shield his sister; it results in a long estrangement from his family and friends, and brings much suffering upon them and upon the girl with whom he is in love. In H. S. Harrison's "Queed" we have the same triangle as in "Where Love Is." The hero and the villain (who is weak rather than positively wicked) are friends, in love with the same girl: They are intimately associated, the villain being editor, and the hero (Queed) assistant editor of the same newspaper. At the crucial moment in a struggle to get through the Legislature a bill establishing a reformatory, in which the heroine is deeply interested, the paper, which has been foremost in the struggle for the reformatory, reverses its attitude *in a turncoat editorial, and the bill is* lost. The editor, who, of course, wrote the editorial after an interview with the local boss, manages by implication to shift the blame on Queed, who has promptly resigned, and to give the impression that Queed was dismissed for his treachery. Queed supposes that the heroine is in love with the editor and engaged to him; and to save her feelings he resolves to accept the blame. In conversation with her he even leads her to think that he is guilty. In other words, to shield her from suffering at the time, he assumes the blame for a reprehensible act so that she may in happy ignorance marry the man guilty of it. The novelist soon provides a satisfactory solution; and the girl admires the hero more for his folly than for all the sensible things he has ever done. "'And, of course,' he (the editor, who has just made a tardy confession) added more eagerly, 'I supposed that he had told you himself.' 'You don't know him,' said Sharlee. A proud and beautiful look swept over her face."

Similar situations may be found in other recent and excellent novels, such as De Morgan's "Joseph Vance," and Mrs. Watts's "Nathan Burke." But leaving these aside, *the recurrence of the situation in three* stories as different as those to which I have referred is rather remarkable. It would be hard to think of three characters more unlike than Jimmie Padgate, the Bohemian artist; Bob Harvey, the rich and popular college student, and Queed, the self-made sociologist; yet they all do the same thing—a thing indefensible, it seems to me, on any ethical theory except that self-sacrifice is in itself so noble that *it justifies sacrificing others. And this* indefensible act we are asked in each case to accept as proof of heroism.

Why should these things be? One explanation is suggested by the attitude of the heroine in "Queed," which is also that of the heroine in "Where Love Is." Each is overcome with admiration of the hero's generosity. Of course the great majority of novel-readers are women, and perhaps their attitude is reflected by that of the heroines. Do all these heroes have to act foolishly because a display of reckless Quixotism will endear them to the feminine heart? HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, September 24.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the sole survivor of the faculty which was gathered around Gen. Robert E. Lee in what was then Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, I wish to express—may I not say for my departed colleagues as well as for myself?—my grateful appreciation of the editorial, in your issue of September 14, entitled "The College and the Making of Men." Since "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," such commendation from the *Nation* is justly gratifying.

I am struck with the truth of the *Nation's* analysis of the situation. It is true that the historic and local associations of Lexington were already inspiring; it is true that Gen. Lee was followed to Lexington by the "colonels and captains of his defeated legions," for his faculty consisted largely of such men; and it is true also that not a few of the older students had seen service in the war, and now "sought to complete their interrupted education," with all which that implies of purpose and of character. It is also true that, while the choicest *youths of the South were attracted to Lex*ington by Gen. Lee's great name, they came, with very few exceptions, from homes which had been impoverished by war, and in which the sacrifice needed to send sons to college was a constant and conscious inspiration to the student: all this is true, as the *Nation* says, but—to a degree hardly now conceivable—behind, beneath, and beyond all this was love and reverence for Gen. Lee himself, and the ambition, in both faculty and students, to be worthy of his great fame and character. Under such conditions it is not strange that so many students of that period, and of the next under Gen. Lee's son, should have become distinguished in so many States and in so many eminent vocations. Thus, happily, does the influence of a great man extend and multiply itself for good; and I am ready to believe that the tradition of that influence is not yet extinct in Washington and Lee. For myself, near the end of a long service in more than one Southern college of high rank, I look back upon the years spent in Lexington with Gen. Lee as my "golden age"—the privileges of which I now, alas, too late! most keenly feel that I did not then sufficiently appreciate.

But besides these conditions, in part peculiar to Lexington, there were other advantages which college students then enjoyed in the South beyond their successors of the present day. The ideals of college life were then higher and purer than now. Not only did poverty and the remembrance of sacrifice and sorrow then teach their wholesome lessons, so that extravagant self-indulgence was almost impossible, but especially our modern "intercollegiate athletics" had not yet obtruded their baleful influence, encouraging and justifying absenteeism, and substituting wholly new ideals of college excellence, quite apart from scholarship or character, as the standard of college pride and ambition. Such things were unknown in those "golden days," so that, in fact, the opportunity of the college for the "Making of Men" was better then than now.

EDWARD S. JOYNES.

University of South Carolina, September 20.

"SÓNNICA LA CORTISANA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, through your columns, call the attention of classical students, and indeed of all lovers of classical learning, to a remarkable work dealing with ancient themes, that had hitherto escaped my notice? I have never seen it noted in any of the lists of historical novels published by our libraries and colleges. An accident of travel this summer put into my hands a copy of Señor Blasco Ibáñez's "Sónnica la Cortisana." The scene is laid in Saguntum, in Spain, at that most fascinating moment of history when Greece, having done her work, was in decline, and Rome and Carthage were in their death grip. The hero is a Greek who had served with Cleomènes of Sparta, and is left a "masterless man" on the latter's death at the court of Ptolemy.

The knowledge of ancient life and customs displayed by the author, so well known as a student of modern social problems, is extraordinary. I read the book critically as a classical student, and I found few if any errors to correct—nay, even what I found were the accepted facts of archæology twenty years ago, and the story itself is extremely dramatic.

Of course, the comparison with Salammbô imposes itself. But Señor Ibáñez, in my opinion, need not fear the comparison. He undoubtedly owes something to Flaubert, but it is merely the debt of one master to another. As the title implies, the book is not one intended for undergraduate classes in our coeducational institutions, but the mature lover of the classics—and of good literature—will find, I am sure, great pleasure in it. CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.

Autun, France, September 12.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The papers report Mr. Taft as saying that he thinks the suffrage should be extended to women "as soon as they all want it," and that he entirely approves "the principle."

Now, a statesman should know that the extension of the suffrage is not a matter of "principle," but of policy. If a principle were involved, its desirability would not be determined by the number of persons asking for it.

But putting that aside—has Mr. Taft

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considered that what he approves would be the most tremendous and far-reaching revolution in the history of the human race, fraught with consequences which no man can foresee, but certainly momentous? Has he considered that it would revolutionize all political, all social, and all domestic relations? Has he considered that if women vote as the men do, they only dilute the vote; while if they vote against the men, it brings about sex antagonism? Has he thought of the passions and animosities that such a state of things would kindle, and of the new element of discord that it would bring into families, when husbands and wives are opposing partisans with equal political power? Has he thought of these things (and others which will occur to any thinker), weighed them with advantages which he sees will certainly follow—for we cannot risk taking a step so vital and irrevocable on mere hopes and conjectures—and assured himself that the certain good will outweigh the obvious evils? If he has, let him lay the demonstration before the world. If he has not, would it not be well to consider these points before taking a stand? H.

Rider, Md., September 26.

THE UNIVERSAL RACES CONGRESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Under the heading, "Adjusting Racial Differences," your London correspondent writes in your issue of August 31 as follows:

> While Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois of New York, late professor of history and political economy in Atlanta University, takes up fifteen pages of small type to discourse upon "The Negro Race in the United States of America," he merely sets forth the point of view of those men and women of African descent who are out-and-out opponents of Dr. Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, and others of his school of thought. Fairness would have required that this be supplemented with another paper written from the opposite point of view.

In fairness to the First Universal Races Congress I trust you will permit a comment on this statement. We were well aware of the necessity of having both sides represented. Dr. Booker Washington, who expressed himself in thorough sympathy with the congress, unfortunately could not undertake to write a paper, but he was good enough to arrange that Dr. Augustus Walker should contribute one. Accordingly Dr. Walker's name appeared as that of a contributor, but as the paper did not arrive, in spite of our cabling for it, the final programme did not contain his name. Your readers will, therefore, see that the organizers of the congress meant to be fair.

If they will read Dr. Du Bois's paper referred to, they will find, in addition, that your correspondent is mistaken when he says "he merely sets forth the point of view of those men and women of African descent who are out-and-out opponents of Dr. Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, and others of his school of thought." As a matter of fact, Dr. Du Bois's comprehensive paper is full of valuable statistics, and his references to Dr. Booker Washington's school of thought do not occupy much more than one out of fifteen pages. It may interest your readers to know that there was no member of the congress more respected and more applauded—next to the proposer of the congress, Dr. Felix Adler—than Dr. Du Bois, and that the present writer cannot remember a word uttered at the congress in direct criticism of Dr. Booker Washington's attitude.

G. Spiller, Hon. Organizer.

London, September 20.

THE YALE REVIEW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of last week the new *Yale Review* was quite inaccurately described as "a graduate quarterly publication." It is, indeed, edited mainly by Yale men, and it bears the name of the university. It will, however, publish articles in science, literature, art, and politics, whether written by Yale men or by others. In this respect it will follow the tradition of its predecessors, the *New Englander*, established in 1843, and the old *Yale Review*, which was conducted for many years as an economic journal. Yale already has a periodical, the *Alumni Weekly*, published in the interest of the alumni. The new *Yale Review*, though bearing a local name, will aim to be national in matter and in spirit.

W. L. Cross, Editor.

New Haven, September 29.

Literature

THE OLD SKEPTICISM.

Ingersoll: A Biographical Appreciation. By Herman E. Kittredge. New York: The Dresden Publishing Co. $2.50 net.

Between the lines of this poorly conceived and cheaply executed biography appear the lineaments of a great soul. In vain the author underlines the obvious and advances preposterous claims for his hero; the personality is strong enough to surmount the incapacity of the biographer, so that one of the poorest biographies that have ever come under our eye is still worth reading. As one reads, the wonder grows that with the majority of his fellow-citizens Robert G. Ingersoll passed for a ruthless, demoniacal force. As a matter of fact, Ingersoll had many qualities that in all reverence must be called Christ-like. Possibly no prominent man of our time has come so near obeying the injunction, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." No applicant for Ingersoll's bounty was refused. He preferred to aid a dozen rascals rather than by too zealous scrutiny to turn away a needy person. In his house was a drawer constantly replenished with money and freely open to all the household, down to the youngest. No one he loved should have to ask for money. For years his law practice brought in a small fortune annually, and he died a poor man. Spontaneity and sympathy were his master traits. His mere presence was fortifying. There is a story of a man afflicted by periodic attacks of mania who often weathered an attack by passing a night on Ingersoll's porch. No one was more comforting in time of death than this skeptic to whom immortality was barely a hope. So much for the unofficial man, beside whom worked almost incongruously the official enemy of superstition, the professed image breaker, the conscious successor of Voltaire and Tom Paine.

Ingersoll did many things well. He managed a primary school ably, or a regiment, as the case befell. He was among the best lawyers of his day, and unquestionably one of the most effective orators. He won and charmed with equal address the disinterested audiences of the lecture circuits and the hardened and skeptical hearers of the political conventions. If there was weakness anywhere in him it was in his anti-religious campaign, and this is a matter better discussed after some account of his early training.

Robert G. Ingersoll was born at Dresden, N. Y., in 1833. Early bereft of his mother, the boy came up under the rod of his father, a Congregational clergyman and an abolitionist. Dr. John Ingersoll within ten years occupied some dozen charges in New York State and city, ending in Ohio. At Ashtabula, in that State, we first meet the youthful "Bob," a faithful attendant at catechism class. By his twentieth year he was a schoolmaster at the town of Metropolis, Ill., where he emitted the characteristic opinion that baptism "with soap" was no bad thing. Somewhere in the interval of twelve years the hard native sense of the lad had revolted against the still harder orthodox teaching. His own schooling had been the scantiest, but he had read tremendously; Shakespeare and Burns had become his familiars and leaders. Equally desultory was his reading of law, and the young lawyer at Marion shone chiefly as a boon companion. His literary gift had already revealed itself in weakly pretty stanzas for the local press. In his twenty-fifth year, Ingersoll, having passed through Marion, Shawneetown, and other halting places, entered what may at last be called the world at Peoria, and there succeeded greatly as his elder brother's law partner.

We have noted some stages of this youthful Odyssey through the towns of the Middle West because it explains certain things in Ingersoll's character. He was a completely uprooted man. The discipline that comes from long residence in one community, and the resulting tendency to compromise, never were his portion. His remarkable intelligence grew almost in a vacuum, though it doubtless gained impetus in contact with the surrounding formless energy. In the campaign of 1860 the orator emerged in an unsuccessful campaign for Congress. Here Ingersoll, though a Democrat, took the most advanced anti-slavery position, and the scraps of his speeches that are remembered suggest that his gift in invective was already

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great. As early as this year he was delivering an anti-theological lecture called "Progress." Soon he became acquainted with the Parkers, freethinking and philanthropical wanderers from Boston, on whose book-shelves he first read the names Volney, Paine, Voltaire. In February, 1862, Eva Parker, "a woman without a superstition," became his wife, and a few days later the young colonel of volunteers led his regiment to the front. Creditable service in Tennessee ended with capture and prompt parole.

Political doors swung open to him. In 1867 he was appointed attorney-general of his State. Had he kept politic silence on religious matters, he might have been Governor. In fact, the frequent statement that, for shutting his mouth on religious matters he might have been President, is probably not exaggerated. In the early seventies his anti-religious campaign shaped itself in the lectures on "Thomas Paine," "The Gods," "Individuality," "Heretics," and "Heresies." In his forty-third year he saw for the first time in England and France the visible symbols of the ecclesiastical tyranny he had been fighting. Westminster Abbey seemed to him less than the famous lines cut on Shakespeare's cenotaph—

> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, etc.

The opinion is significant of Ingersoll's constant tendency to measure and compare the incommensurate things of life. So far he had been merely a local celebrity. The Republican nominating convention in 1876 made him a national figure. What is now called "the plumed knight speech" is often regarded as Ingersoll's greatest oratorical achievement. His biographer, by printing it in full, gives the materials for a judgment. In the sense of immediate effect and fine adjustment to the actual occasion Ingersoll's brief eulogy as he put James G. Blaine in nomination for the Presidency must count among great oratorical successes. Curtis, who mistrusted Blaine, nodded with involuntary approval to the cadences; Schurz, who loathed "the plumed knight," dashed across the platform to wring the speaker's hand. Yet as one reads this famous address and notes a phrasing now dryly abrupt, now bordering perilously on fustian, one cannot but feel that it lacks the self-subsistent quality of the great historic orations. It counted tremendously in virtue of the fevers of the moment. Here was a convention about equally divided between delegates who believed Blaine to be a common cheat and those who regarded him as a peerless statesman. Here were rumors flying that he was at death's door. Never was an audience more deeply concerned with a single personality. Anything said emphatically about Blaine in that hall was bound to reverberate. Ingersoll fully improved a unique opportunity. His adroitness was quite equal to his luck. It was characteristic of the man that he absolutely refused to accept any political reward from President Hayes, and that for five campaigns, during which he was admittedly the most effective speaker for the Republican party, he took no fees and paid his own expenses.

The Cincinnati speech naturally made Peoria too small to contain Ingersoll. For eight years beginning with 1878 he pursued a broadening legal career at Washington, and added to his fame as a lecturer. During this period his style attained the marked cadences and full-blown eloquence for which his admirers have made the most ambitious claims. In these years falls the most touching of his orations, that delivered at his brother's grave. In such addresses he was at his best. The solemnity of death's presence calmed his exuberance, and for a moment he forgot that the world contained a bigot. The last thirteen years of his life were spent in and near New York. There he increased his renown as a pleader and orator, broadened his associations, gratified to the full a natural love of fine music. Early in the New York period, in 1888, came the climax of his anti-Christian activity in the famous magazine battle which he waged single-handed against Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, and the Rev. Henry M. Field. Symposiums, as the cant then went, were the fashion, and the *North American Review* greatly prospered by the practice. That the debate settled anything will hardly be claimed. Ingersoll, for whom the rest were no match in swift, peppery dialectic, laid down brilliantly the orthodox dogma of agnosticism; the others variously stood by the Augustinian dialectic or took refuge in evasions that have since become usual. Of Gladstone's ponderous apologia, Huxley wrote to Ingersoll: "Gladstone's attack on you is one of the best things he has written. I do not think there is more than 50 per cent. more verbiage than necessary, nor any sentence with more than two meanings. If he goes on improving at this rate, he will be an English classic by the time he is ninety."

Through his remaining years Ingersoll continued valiant in the cause of free thought. No humane movement solicited him in vain. His pathos, humor, energy, were besought for memorial addresses. Besides his famous lectures on Shakespeare, Burns, and Whitman, he constantly added to his anti-theological repertory. He had the satisfaction of seeing many of the doctrines he attacked, particularly that of eternal punishment, in full retreat. Less satisfactory to his ardent, clear-cut spirit must have been the counter growth of the theology of evasion. Worn out by a career in which he had mercilessly spent himself, he died smiling in 1899, in his sixty-seventh year. No man of his time had been better loved or more violently detested.

With much that was lovable and admirable about the man, the conviction grows out of a reading of his life and works that he just missed being first-rate. Of the complexity of religious belief he had no inkling. Creeds he regarded as deliberate impositions or frauds. Of what may be called the natural history of religion he had no conception. All this grew chiefly out of a defective historic sense and training. His habit was to look at the past, barring a few heroes of the intellect, as simply wrong, regrettable, negligible. The inconscient processes that make manners, faith, patriotism, he neither understood nor even admitted. Error to him was always definite and personal, the offence of a given bigot, priest, or council. He never saw or admitted the inevitableness of much that outrages isolated common sense. Even more, the whole unconscious casuistry of religious profession was obscure to him. He could not see that it might actually be creditable to a man to hold, say, the Nicean creed with greater leniency than he himself held the latest dogmas of materialism. It is strange that so sympathetic and humorous a man should not have understood how cleverly life saves itself from the literal cruelty of creeds. When we say "he that believeth not shall be damned," we mean, of course, vague, distant unbelievers, not kinsfolk, friends, fellow-townsmen. To the normal religious mind God is too great a gentleman to enforce his own laws with pedantic accuracy. Most of Ingersoll's polemic, in short, applied not to the average believer but to the exceptional fanatic.

Nor was his own position devoid of fanaticism. He stood on the doctrine of the conservation of energy and the indestructibility of matter. These ultimate verities, he felt, forbade all theological assumptions. That these dogmas of science failed to explain so primal a fact of experience as human consciousness and the significance of that default, he never really perceived. He simply tried to impose upon the world his own tough-minded and easy skepticism.

And here we come to the real issue between faith and skepticism. Upon the matters that as men most nearly concern us, Science has shed no new light. We do not know why we think and feel nor why we are conscious that our thinking and feeling are our own, or right or wrong. That these functions are merely incidental to a purely mechanical process—a theory which Ingersoll tacitly accepted—is a pure assumption and quite as wide and hazardous a

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one as that of immortality or of God. A truly scientific mind will simply leave these issues contentedly in abeyance. Most men, however, are unable to take so detached an attitude toward their dearest concerns. Such malcontents will perforce bridge the mystery of consciousness with all manner of hypotheses that seem to meet the needs of life, and such hypotheses will inevitably and quite unconsciously crystallize into typical modes of religious faith and feeling. One may doubt if the world can be won over to complete agnosticism. Meanwhile it is doubtful if the agnostic has any right to impose his skepticism upon others, except through the example of his life. What warrant has he for depriving any man of what may be legitimate hypothesis or even necessary illusion? And equally, a really candid and philosophically enlightened believer must admit that the warrant of his faith is purely subjective and of no authority for another. He, too, is reduced to the simple persuasiveness of the life of faith. True skepticism and true faith can afford to be tolerant of each other, leaving time to arbitrate what are temperamentally opposed attitudes according to their respective fruits. But the dogmatism of science and that of religion must inevitably clash, and little good can come of the conflict, for it is based in either case on assumption and ignorance.

Ingersoll was too deeply infected with the pseudo-scientific dogmatism of his day to effect work of enduring value. He lashed prematurely to their graves certain quite moribund Christian doctrines. That was service of a kind. It was service, too, to hold up against prevalent sentimentalism and evasion the robust common-sense inherited from the eighteenth-century thinkers. But in a way Ingersoll may be said to have been lucky in not losing his chance. Lip service to the old creeds provided him with a field and a foe, but lip service was rapidly yielding to a gentle religious impressionism, to assail which would have seemed folly even to his militant soul. Such downy ramparts has the modernistic movement set about Christianity that to charge upon that bulwark would be merely to court suffocation. An Ingersoll to-day would find his occupation largely superfluous. For a thoroughgoing agnostic preacher, conscious of the limits of science and mindful of the real spiritual hardships of the skeptical position, there might yet be much to do. In taking leave of Ingersoll we part with a singularly engaging personality, in which the current dry materialism was shot with alien hues of tenderness and romance. In fact, it was the highly emotional quality of the man, that insisted on exaggerated cadences and oratorical hyperbole and thwarted what under better conditions might have been a permanent achievement in thought and in letters. In the man, with all his fine exuberance, there was some lack of inner harmony and balance, of effective tolerance and complete civilization. His qualities were those proper to the mere orator, and as such he was great. The surplus quality which has made a few great orators also great men of letters was never his. To inquire why the essays of Huxley and the "Apologia" of Cardinal Newman seem likely to live, while the writings of Ingersoll are already dead, is to suggest not unkindly the limitations of Ingersoll's potent and generous personality. He loved liberty in the fashion of Rousseau; all forms of cruelty and oppression he abhorred. He was too intolerant of those bonds which human nature gladly, and on the whole wisely, forges for its own better control.

CURRENT FICTION.

Hilda Lessways. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

That rather surprising promise of the note on the last page of "Clayhanger" that the story of Clayhanger and Hilda was to be developed in two succeeding novels, is already half-fulfilled. The mysterious Hilda, whom we saw in the earlier narrative only through the baffled eyes of Edwin Clayhanger, is here expounded in full. Only Mr. Bennett would have done just this thing. You recall how in "The Old Wives' Tale" different parts of the chronicle are recorded from different points of view. Always there is a virtual interlocutor, the centre of a peculiar world, which impinges upon or overlaps scores of other worlds, but is never concentric with them. To such a world the reader was introduced in "Clayhanger." The son of the Bursley printer does not tell his own story, but in telling it for him Mr. Bennett sticks so closely to his point of view that Clayhanger Senior and the Orgreaves, and Hilda, and the whole Five Towns world, seem to exist only in their relation to this young man. He is not a brilliant young man. His life is tame enough in outward incident, and even when the humdrum is broken by some emergency, he does not always come up to the scratch. He prevents the wreck of the printing office, to be sure, but he is wofully lacking in the matter of the luckless Mr. Shushions. Hilda, it will be recalled, is the champion on that occasion.

But Clayhanger's insignificance is no more clearly proved by his tameness than Hilda's significance by her erratic way. Our interest in him through those seven hundred pages is sufficient proof that he is not merely a commonplace person. It is true that, since we share Clayhanger's ignorance of her true character and motive, Hilda is the more challenging figure throughout the earlier story. The present narrative is not a sequel, but a complement. Much of the old ground is covered, many of the same incidents are recorded. Nevertheless, the scene has definitely shifted. We are now adventuring in another world, a world of which Hilda Lessways is the centre, and in which Clayhanger has a merely contingent place. As we have said, only Mr. Bennett would have been likely to do just this thing in this way. If Mr. De Morgan, say, had been moved to retell a story of his from a different point of view, he could hardly have resisted the temptation to cross-allusion and reminder. Mr. Bennett nowhere hints by a word or a gesture that the earlier narrative exists. And he is bold enough, in several instances, to reproduce the dialogue of "Clayhanger" word for word, or with the slightest omissions. So in describing from Hilda's point of view the striking incident of her nocturnal interview with Edwin on the darkling porch of the Clayhangers' new house, we listen to the same words, but we listen through Hilda's ears. And, of course, the angle of description changes.

There is something very "convincing" in this complementary method. It leaves no doubt that the writer is absolutely in the confidence of his characters. And there is an odd charm in the double approach of the same scenes and the same incidents. The family group of the Orgreaves is the same in both pictures, but with differences in coloring and arrangement. Poor old Mr. Shushions, whose "sole crime against society was that he had forgotten to die," is a less disgustful and more pathetic figure in the woman's eyes than in the man's.

If Mr. Bennett has an obsession, if there is a really morbid streak in the texture of his fancy, it shows itself in the insistent delineation of types of age and decay. That was what chiefly distressed many sensitive readers in "The Old Wives' Tale"; and the dissolution of the elder Clayhanger was unsparingly rehearsed, in all its slow and dreary stages. Wasting and helpless age is again figured in "Hilda Lessways." Sarah Gailey, to be sure, is not much past middle life; but when we are first introduced to her, she has fought her fight and set foot upon the downward road of years. The attempt at suicide which Hilda frustrates is a less disheartening proof of her hopelessness and uselessness than the story of prolonged invalidism which follows. At that moment, indeed, poor Sarah Gailey attains her highest power of self-expression. Hilda does not judge her adversely: "She had a feeling that she ought to apologize profoundly to Sarah Gailey for all that Sarah must have suffered. And as she heard the ceaseless, cruel play of the water amid the dark jungle of ironwork under the pier, and the soft creepings of the foam-curves behind, and the vague stirrings of the

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night-wind round about—these phenomena combined mysteriously with the immensity of the dome above and with the baffling strangeness of the town, and with the grandeur of the beaten woman by her side; and communicated to Hilda a thrill that was divine in its unexampled poignancy." Hilda is always being thrilled. That harsh and angular manner which so puzzled Clayhanger did not actually repel him, because of the obscurely felt presence of extreme sensibility beneath it. We learn all about it now from the inside: how the world enchanted the vivid nature, how an experience beckoned, how the least promising incident might be invested with romance by her eager fancy. And here, of course, we find the key to her strange desertion of Clayhanger, in the first hour of their triumphant love. It is all perfectly natural and inevitable, since Hilda is what she is. The narrative brings us only to that moment of renunciation, which seems to Clayhanger a moment of betrayal. That is, it brings us only half-way through "Clayhanger," reckoning the length of the record, and far from half-way in point of time. Mr. Bennett has, after all, fallen considerably short of his promise to print a novel this year "dealing with the history of Hilda Lessways up to the day of her marriage with Edwin." It is perhaps as well that this change of plan has been made. We have surely a clear enough notion as to what those sordid and heart-breaking years in the Brighton boarding-house must have been to the dauntless Hilda. But we are glad of the assurance of a note appended to the present volume that the later history of Edwin and Hilda is to form the theme of another novel. May fate have permitted them happiness: it is certain that Mr. Bennett can have had nothing to do with it!

Initials Only. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mrs. Rohlfs's latest story is distinguished by the small number of people involved and by the consequent narrowing and intensifying of interest upon the criminal and the detective, the latter being our old friend Sweetwater, acting under the aid of our older friend Gryce. Outside of her skill in weaving a plot Mrs. Rohlfs has few of the novelist's virtues, and her attempt in the first part of this book to narrate events at second-hand through the mouth of a woman who has nothing to do with the plot is extremely awkward. However, this useless device is soon dropped, and the rest of the story proceeds naturally to its ruthless end. In no other of her stories has she presented a stronger character than the Orlando Brotherson, who is hounded by the relentless Sweetwater, and his character is not extraneous to the plot but essentially involved. There is a bit of unfairness in the climax, which does not come—as it should come in the legitimate detective story—from the direct game of pursuit and evasion.

The House of the Seven Gabblers. By Nina Larrey Duryea. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A frothy literary confection of the sort that melts in the mouth somewhat inconsequentially bears the above title. Put together into a commodious French château, with plenty of provisions, one small boy and six women, including one American portrait-painting spinster, one American mother—"*riche, jeune, et veuve*," one spirituelle New Englander, and one French maid of smart appearance and exceedingly tender heart. As soon as these begin to settle, add immediately a prepossessing English diplomat, and stir gently. Next introduce a bourgeoise French family, containing a gorgon mother and a crippled lad. Follow by a dash of burglary and a carefully selected Italian patriot-in-exile. Lastly add with a few light strokes several drops each of honorable punctilio and charitable persuasion and a pinch of masculine self-esteem. If correctly mixed, this will make three excellent matches.

IN THE FAR SOUTH.

The Voyage of the "Why Not" in the Antarctic: The Journal of the Second French South Polar Expedition. By Dr. Jean Charcot. English Version by Philip Walsh. With numerous illustrations from photographs. New York: George H. Doran Co. $5 net.

Dr. Charcot's aim in the voyage described in this volume was to continue in fuller detail the work begun in 1903-1905 in the mountainous region south of Cape Horn, which is known vaguely to geographers as Graham Land and which was first sighted, so far as we have reliable evidence, by the English sealing captain, John Biscoe, in 1832. In this region there was, of course, no intention of attempting any spectacular high latitude record. During the winter of 1909, passed at Petermann Island, an expedition southward into the interior of Graham Land was planned, and a detachment of the party spent some days in searching for a route past or over an interposing mountain, but the failure to find a passage, with other difficulties, led finally to the abandonment of the project. The work actually done was almost wholly between the sixty-fifth and seventieth parallels, and the most serious discomfort was suffered not from extremely low temperature, but from the repeated rain and snow storms from the northeast.

Dr. Charcot's vessel was, of course, carefully built for vigorous fighting with the ice, but as the aim was to gather scientific information, and not a "dash for the pole," its outfit was quite different from that of which we have been accustomed to read in the literature of recent northern exploration. As there was no necessity for any counterpart to Peary's numerous Eskimos and sledge-dogs, with tons of decaying whale meat for their subsistence, the deck of the Pourquoi-Pas was duly subject to its master's passion for cleanliness and order. The ship was carefully planned for the comfort of its staff and crew alike. Each of the staff had his individual cabin. Four separate laboratories, for various branches of scientific investigation, were fitted up in convenient parts of the vessel, and a library of about 3,000 volumes was housed in cases in the ward-room and on shelves in the adjoining cabins of the members of the staff. While it was largely scientific, we learn that it was selected on no narrow basis, though Dr. Charcot thought it unnecessary, for the public's peace of mind, for him to say exactly of what volumes the library consisted, or whether or no they were bound in pigskin.

A new feature in high latitude exploration was the extent to which the electric light was brought into service. When the thickening ice had finally bound the vessel fast for the winter, at Petermann Island, and the various observatories for the collection of scientific data had been set up at convenient points on the shore, wires were strung to them all on poles of bamboo and a complete system of electric lighting was immediately installed. The bearings of the motor gave out, but new bearings were at once cast by the handy mechanician of the staff, from a discarded screw of the picket-boat, and the lights shone on, to the great comfort and advantage of all concerned. M. Bongrain, the astronomer of the staff, even rigged up mechanism for the electrical transmission of time from the vessel to the transit instrument, thus avoiding the trouble and risk of moving the chronometers. It is evident that Dr. Charcot picked his staff with an eye to just this stamp of practical resourcefulness.

The party met with no fatalities, though the commander himself, with one or two of his staff, suffered considerably from an excessive diet of preserved foods. On this point he has made a number of interesting observations. The so-called Polar anæmias of recent explorers are all, he thinks, maladies essentially allied to the old-time scurvy. The ulcerated gums and black spots which constituted the most frequently noted symptoms of former days were the particular products of the salted meats so much employed before modern devices of food preservation came into vogue. Œdema of the lower limbs and myocarditis are the most noticeable effects of the latter. A rapid and infallible cure was found in the temporary

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substitution of seal's meat for all preserved foods. There was evidence, however, that carefully selected preserved foods would not ordinarily give trouble. The illness from this source was all among the staff, the crew remaining immune. Now the crew partook only of the stores carefully chosen from the best houses by Dr. Charcot himself, while the table of the staff was supplied with extras, coming mostly from presents given by friends to individual members when the expedition embarked, and so not subject to the same scrutiny. The snow-ophthalmia, so painful in high latitudes and so inimical to accuracy of scientific observation, was wholly avoided through the use of yellow glasses. These have an additional advantage in that they give a more cheerful aspect to the scene than the sombre smoked glasses in common use, and thus help to keep up the spirits of the men.

The present volume is, of course, directed to the general reader, and does not attempt to set forth the more technical scientific results of the expedition. Geographically, future maps and charts of the land regions south of Cape Horn will gain much in definiteness of the northern margin, and a certain amount of land never before sighted, so far as is known, must be set down to Dr. Charcot's credit. As to the English form in which the story is presented, there is now and then an expression which strongly suggests that the translator may not have done entire justice to his text, but the latter is not at hand for comparison. The book is good to the eye in its physical make-up, yet carries the all too common burden of an incomplete index.

Original Records of Early Nonconformity under Persecution and Indulgence. Transcribed and edited by Prof. G. Lyon Turner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Two volumes.

These two massive volumes contain an accurate, painstaking collection, carefully summarized and indexed, of hitherto unpublished documents concerning the Nonconformists in England between 1662 and 1676, and will prove indispensable as a book of reference to the specialist on this period, or to the student of the history of Nonconformity in any particular locality. One can see at a glance that the book is not intended for the average reader, who will doubtless thank Professor Turner for his honesty in not attempting to dress up his material in more attractive garb with a view to inducing purchase by the unwary.

The documents here printed are of two sorts: Episcopal Returns made by order of Archbishop Sheldon in 1665, 1669, and 1676, and preserved in the Lambeth Palace Library, and so-called License Documents, preserved in the Public Record Office, and calendared, along with other material, in the Domestic Calendar for Charles II. The Episcopal Returns present us with a picture of the despised and persecuted Nonconformists, sketched by the hand of their foes. With constantly increasing accuracy and fulness they report the number of the conventicles in each diocese, the places where they were held, and the "quality" of the persons attending them: the report of 1676 gives a complete religious census of every parish in England and Wales. By them the enforcement of the great persecuting acts of 1662-65 was made possible. The License Documents, on the other hand, give us information about the numbers, strength, and policy of the Nonconformists, furnished incidentally and unintentionally by themselves. Most of them are applications for licenses during the eleven months of "liberty" granted under the Declaration of Indulgence of March, 1672, and addresses of thanks for licenses already procured; others cast an interesting light on the exact forms licenses were to take, the precise methods of administering them, the question of charging fees, etc., etc. These different documents fill the whole of Volume I.

Professor Turner has not been content with mere transcription of this valuable material. Realizing the hopelessness of searching through such a chaos of names and places for any specific piece of information without some trustworthy guide, he has undertaken the arduous and thankless task of making out a classified summary of the various entries. This is arranged according to counties and towns, each county list being subdivided into four sections according to denomination — Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Quaker—and every entry furnished with a reference to the original text. This elaborate summary occupies no less than 596 pages, and it is followed by three alphabetical indexes of places, of teachers, and of householders, abettors, signatories of petitions, license agents, etc. Volume II is, in fact, entirely composed of implements to facilitate the handling of the material in Volume I, whose value to scholars is at least doubled thereby.

We have already stated that Professor Turner has produced a book which is to be studied and referred to, but not read. He now knows the material he has made accessible better than any other living man, and is therefore the person best fitted to summarize it in compact, readable form. As his modesty has not permitted him to preface his work with the introduction which usually accompanies a collection of material of this kind, may we not venture to hope that he will embody the result of his elaborate researches in a separate monograph.

Anglo-American Memories. By George W. Smalley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Mr. Smalley was born in Franklin, Mass., in 1833; graduated at Yale in 1853; read law at the Harvard Law School and in the office of George F. Hoar in Worcester; practised in Boston until 1861; drifted into journalism as a war correspondent; became an editorial writer on the New York *Tribune;* was sent by that journal to London in 1866 and remained there as its correspondent until 1895, when he returned to New York and served the London *Times* until 1905. These data are necessary to explain the wide range of Mr. Smalley's recollections.

More than one-third of his volume is devoted to his youth in America, and this section we find not only the more interesting, but the more important. His account of the Calvinistic rigidity of Yale under President Woolsey (to whom he gives the name of the English drawing-room hero, Wolseley), his sketches of Webster and R. H. Dana, his anti-slavery experiences in Boston, and especially his chapters on Wendell Phillips, contain many excellent touches. With Phillips he seems to have been intimate: for he was one of that implacable Abolitionist's body-guard against the attacks of Boston's broad-cloth mob, and he it was, as we infer from his statements, who persuaded Phillips to "come out" for the Union in his famous speech at the beginning of the civil war. During the earlier campaigns of the war itself, Mr. Smalley had the good fortune to be in several critical affairs, not all of which were fought on the battlefield. He seems, to judge by his own account, to have had an unusual influence on Gen. Hooker and others; we say unusual, because military commanders are not in the habit of confiding in civilians whom they meet for the first time. His too brief mention of Horace Greeley's pluck during the draft riots makes us regret that he has so little to say about that unique figure in American journalism whom he certainly knew well.

Next to these matters, we find Mr. Smalley's description of the technical side of his London editorial work most entertaining. He sent the first news dispatch by cable in July, 1866, at a cost of twenty shillings a word, thereby initiating what has grown into the unabridged cable correspondence of our time. Most exciting is his account of Holt White's dash from Sedan to London, one of the greatest exploits in war correspondence annals, which enabled the *Tribune* to outstrip even the great London dailies. A more systematic narrative of the business side of Mr. Smalley's earlier years as manager of the *Tribune's* London bureau would be of permanent value to historians.

When it comes to the sketches of the

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celebrities unto the third and fourth magnitude, of whom Mr. Smalley writes with that familiarity which is part of the kit of the successful journalist, we know not where to choose. Most momentous ought to be the report of his interview with Bismarck just after Sadowa. The Count, he says, told him unreservedly all his secrets, matters of such tremendous import that even now, forty-five years later, when Bismarck and William are dead, and no revelation that might be made concerning Prussian ambitions in 1866 could cause a tremor in any foreign office—even now Mr. Smalley thinks that he ought to keep silent. Either Mr. Smalley is devoid of a sense of humor, or he is blessed with *naïveté* impervious to the wear-and-tear of fifty years' experience in the least *naïf* of callings, if he imagines that, in July, 1866, Bismarck imparted to him, an American journalist whom he had never seen before, secrets which he never intended to be published. This habit of reserve proves tantalizing in other instances, where, just as Mr. Smalley seems to be on the point of revealing something of real importance, he remarks that, of course, he is not at liberty to divulge, etc. While such reticence is honorable, if imposed by Mr. Smalley's confidants, it throws a damper on a book of memories like this, and makes the reader feel like a child who is told to run away and play, while its elders exchange confidences. The obvious deduction is that Mr. Smalley was a very important personage, whom sovereigns, ministers, ecclesiastics, generals, and mere poets and novelists consulted at every step of their work; why, then, we ask, are we not vouchsafed more news of his Olympian confabulations?

Probably this "I could an I would" tone, or the attitude of best friend to celebrities, grows unconsciously on successful correspondents like Mr. Smalley until it becomes a second nature. The need, too, of filling a given space in cable letters must account for the spreading thin of some of his material. The further knowledge that what he wrote would be read by the persons whom he wrote about, cannot fail to have hampered his spontaneity. Hence, the two best portrait sketches are of Lord Randolph Churchill and King Edward, written after their death. And yet, although there is nothing really startling or historically important in Mr. Smalley's English memories, he interjects many anecdotes and personal bits which enliven his pages and help to give a stranger an idea of the externals of British society. Let us hope that he will empower his literary executors to publish the revelations of great historical importance, which he himself deems it necessary to withhold. At his best, he writes so easily that one reads him with pleasure. He often reminds us of the late Dr. E. E. Hale, whose flow of reminiscence was so entertaining that the question of accuracy never troubled his listeners.

Queen Margot. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.

Differing somewhat from the tone of the most recent foreign studies—the "Marguerite de Valois, Reine de France et de Navarre," by Count Léo de Saint-Poncy, her admirer and champion, or the delightful chapters upon her by La Ferrière in his "Trois Amoureuses au xvi siècle"—Mr. Williams's book is notable for its sobriety of style and detail. He evidently intends to be unenthusiastically impartial. No personal deductions or opinions are hazarded: he is neither psychologically nor controversially inclined. Indeed, one sometimes wishes that he were more so, and that after having chosen to place upon the title-page Guizot's pertinent "Voulez-vous du roman: que ne vous adressez-vous à l'histoire?" he had consented to see in those words something more than a gentle reminder as to how history should usually not be written.

Whether we may accept or not the details alleged by the pamphleteers of the sixteenth century, Marguerite's position with posterity is now fixed. She was, and for the great majority must remain, one of the *grandes amoureuses* of French history. To treat her otherwise is, probably, to take grave chances. Her every charm, the causes of her successes and her failure, are to be found in the fact that she was "d'une complexion trop ardente pour ne pas céder à la tentation," as even Saint-Poncy hastens to admit. This point of temperament is all important, especially in forming opinions upon a woman of the Renaissance. One may well refuse to palliate much in the private life of Henry IV, but for the historian-psychologist not to study certain of the qualities which the moralist may at once censure is to ignore wittingly in no small part that which paved the way for his public career and ultimate national success. So in the case of Marguerite. For no matter what reproaches may be spoken against her, we know that in addition to her matchless beauty she was also possessed of a rare *savoir vivre* and of that something which made her *sympathique* to all who came in contact with her—to all except her husband and her brother, Charles IX. In fact, she seems upon this score—and other analogies are not lacking—to suggest the late Queen Isabella II of Spain.

The author's task, then, is not an easy one. From a group of world-famous, strongly-marked characters, from beside her mother, Catherine de' Medici, and her brothers, the three Kings of France, along with the dukes de Guise, the Admiral, Henry of Navarre, and the leaders of the French Reform, he has singled out for intimate consideration a woman whose political influence was almost nil and whose domestic life was a failure. Mere facts, of course, do not suffice to make one feel the romance—for much romance there surely was—in that life and its influence on others. In such a study there needs to be, in addition to a certain infusion of the spirit of the epoch, a strong suggestion of the woman's subtle charm, of her insidious magnetism, the whole expressed with a delicacy of connotation which shall make the reader of to-day feel what made Henry's repudiated wife dear to a whole people as their Reine Margot. This, as we understand it, is the task which Mr. Williams set before himself.

Notes

Scribners' list for October includes "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning," by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury.

In fiction, the Scribners will publish in October two volumes of short stories, "Interventions," by Georgia W. Pangborn, and "Ship's Company," by W. W. Jacobs; Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome"; Maurice Hewlett's "Song of Renny."

Books promised this week by Houghton Mifflin Company include: "In the Shadow of Islam," by Demetra Vaka; a holiday edition of "Hiawatha"; "The Dutch Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "The One-Footed Fairy, and Other Stories," by Alice Brown; "Pay Day," by C. Hanford Henderson; "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett," edited by Mrs. James T. Fields; "Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar," by Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson; "Walter Pater," by Ferris Greenslet, new edition; limp leather editions of Longfellow's "The Hanging of the Crane," Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Whittier's "Snowbound."

The same house states that the title of Mary Johnston's new book, in which she completes the history of the civil war, will be "Cease Firing."

"Adrian Savage," by Lucas Malet; "The Fair Irish Maid," by Justin Huntly McCarthy; "Old Ben," by James Otis, and "Where the Money Grows," by Garet Garett, are announced for immediate publication by Harpers.

Jeffery Farnol, author of "The Broad Highway," will publish, first serially in *McClure's Magazine* and later through Little, Brown & Co., his new novel, "The Amateur Gentleman."

Mr. Huebsch has procured the services of Ludwig Lewisohn to translate Sudermann's "The Indian Lily."

Messrs. Jack of London are publishing their £200 prize story for boys. It is a tale of the modern British navy, entitled "Contraband Tommy," by Charles Gleig, late lieutenant of the royal navy.

Among the new books to be issued by Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco are the following: "Tony's White Room," by Winifred Rich; "Recipe for a Happy Life," the

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royal recipe by Margaret of Navarre, amplified by selections from other writers, by Marie West King; "Good Things," by Isabel Goodhue, and in the Berkeley series: Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," and "Abelard and Heloise," a poetical rendering of the love-letters by Ella Costillo Bennett.

The publications of the Baker & Taylor Co. for this autumn include in fiction: "Concerning Himself" and "Off the Main Road," both by Victor L. Whitechurch; "The Third Miss Wenderby," by Mabel Barnes-Grundy; "The Soundless Tide," by F. R. Crichton; "Ember Light," by Roy Rolfe Gilson; "The Long Green Road," by Sarah P. McLean Greene; "The Hand of Diane," by Percy J. Hartley; "Where the Shamrock Grows," by George H. Jessop, and "Carey of St. Ursula's," by Jane Brewster Reid.—In poetry: "Songs of Courage," by Bertha Gordon; "Hard Labor and Other Poems," by John Carter; "Summer of Love," by Joyce Kilmer, and "The Book of Scottish Poetry," by Sir George Douglas, Bart.—Holiday books: "The Poets' New England," by Helen A. Clarke, "Loves of the Poets," by Richard Le Gallienne, and the centennial edition of Forster's "Life of Dickens," containing 500 illustrations.—Juveniles: "A Child's Guide to Living Things," by Edwin Tenney Brewster; "Child's Guide to the Bible," by George Hodges, D.D.; "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll; "Little Folks' Books of Verse," by Clifton Johnson, and "Mother Goose," a new edition, edited by Clifton Johnson.—Miscellaneous: "The Women of To-morrow," by William Hard; "The Song Lore of Ireland," by Redfern Mason; "The Paracelsus of Robert Browning," by Christina P. Denison; "The French Blood in America," by Lucian J. Fosdick; "The Etiquette of Correspondence," by Helen T. Gavit; "The Life of David C. Broderick, a Senator of the Fifties," by Jeremiah Lynch; "The Annexation of Texas," by Justin H. Smith; "Corpus Christi Pageants in England," by Lyle M. Spencer; "Verse and Worse," by Jack Hazzard, and "A Tour and a Romance," by Alice E. Robbins.

Henry C. Shelley, the English author and critic, undertakes, in a new book published by L. C. Page & Co., to tell the story of "The British Museum: Its History and Treasures."

Among forthcoming books of the Broadway Publishing Company are: "A Blood-Moon and Other Tales of Divorce," by Irene Osgood; "Abroad with the Boys," by Frances R. Wellens; "Southern Symphonies," by Cordie Webb Ingram; "A Romance Under Western Skies," by Louise Haynes Moorer; "Mentor," by F. Derichmont; "The Women of the Iliad," by Hugh Woodruff Taylor; "The Answering Message and Other Naval Stories," by Rush M. Hoag, and "Christ All and in All," by the Rev. W. Letterman Smith.

A study of the characters of Pascal, Lamartine, Fénelon, and Buffon has been made by Madame Duclaux; Chapman & Hall will be the publisher.

Prof. Alexander Souter of Mansfield College, Oxford, will succeed Sir W. M. Ramsay as regius professor of humanity in the University of Aberdeen.

The *Hibbert Journal*, with the current October issue, enters upon its tenth year. Among the contents of this decennial number we note: "Creative Evolution and Philosophic Doubt," by Arthur J. Balfour; "Life and Consciousness," by Henri Bergson; "The Ethics of Labor Movements," by Prof. Henry Jones of the University of Glasgow; "The Religious Philosophy of William James," by Prof. James Bissett Pratt; "A Psychologist Among the Saints," by Prof. L. P. Jacks of Oxford, and "Another Appeal to English Gentlemen," by the Rev. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London.

Crowell has brought out the tales of Edgar Allan Poe in a convenient reprint, the usual three volumes being bound together.

William Blake's "Songs of Innocence" has come to us from the press of Dana Estes & Co. of Boston, in an edition of rough, thick pages, with wide, designed margins. There are twelve full-page colored plates by Honor C. Appleton and a short biographical preface by Thomas Seccombe.

"The Good Old Times" (Brentano's), by Frederick W. Hackwood, is mainly a record of Pauperism in England from the Middle Ages to the present. Mixed up with a serious history of humble life and of the various laws and charities dealing with the outcast and disabled, there are many amusing anecdotes and picturesque descriptions from literary sources.

In a new edition of his "Amazing Duchess" (Brentano's) Charles E. Pearce has taken the opportunity to correct a few errors of detail and to add several pictures. These two volumes devoted to the scandalous Miss Chudleigh may seem long drawn out, and they do contain a fair share of that sentimental sort of supposition which is becoming more and more the bane of English biography; but they include also a large amount of amusing details concerning the manner of life and the society through which the heroine picked her precarious way.

"A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest" (Longmans, Green), by John Edward Lloyd, 2 vols., is a substantial and scholarly work which will take its place at once among valuable books of reference, and it ought also to receive, to a considerable extent, the attention of the general reader. For it deals, in a comprehensive way, with subjects of much interest to the whole English-speaking public. The early chapters on archæology and ethnology, on Britain under the Romans, the Saxon Conquest, and the Celtic church, have direct bearing on the beginnings of English history; and Mr. Lloyd presents an excellent new survey of the results of the extensive investigations made in these fields in recent years. Then the story of the later struggle of the Welsh for independence—unsuccessful, so far as political freedom is concerned, but permanently significant for the development of national life and character—cannot fail to interest any one who reflects on the perpetual problems of race mixture or subjugation. The narrative, too, has no lack of interest on the side of romance and personal adventure, and the author, without sacrifice of the proper austerity of the historian, has given these elements due recognition. His characterizations of the national heroes of mediæval Wales are vivid and enthusiastic, without being uncritical. His style, while it lacks the positive qualities which command or induce attention, is nevertheless adequate and agreeable. If his work fails to be extensively read, as distinguished from being studied or consulted, this may be partly because of the formidable mass of details of which much of the narrative consists, and partly because of the space occupied with technical discussions. The former difficulty was scarcely avoidable, though the reader might perhaps have received more guidance and stimulus in the way of general comment. With regard to the analyses of sources and the discussion of disputed questions, perhaps Mr. Lloyd would have done well to follow the example of Professor Bury's "Life of St. Patrick," an admirable piece of historiography in a similar field, where such matters are consigned to appendixes and the general narrative is left unencumbered. Mr. Lloyd has to some extent adopted the same method, but much of what he has kept in his text is primarily of professional interest.

Bertrand Russell's volume of "Philosophical Essays" (Longmans) opens with a sixty-page outline of an ethical doctrine, which expresses with the utmost clearness, simplicity, and concision the views of an interesting and vigorous new school of moralists, represented in England (with minor variations) by G. E. Moore and Rashdall, as well as Russell, and in America (with some noteworthy enrichments of the theory) by R. B. Perry. The doctrine has shown a certain natural affinity to the contemporary tendency toward realism in metaphysics. Mr. Russell holds that the idea of "good" is an ultimate and irreducible notion, not identical with "the pleasurable" or "the desired" or "that which contributes to self-realization," though these all may be species or concomitants of good. To predicate good of anything is to intend to assert an objective fact, to ascribe to the thing a real quality; thus the moral judgment is never merely a description of the relation of its object to the present or future feelings or attitudes of the agent. Mr. Russell, therefore (in common with all of the school), offers a dialectical refutation of both egoism and psychological hedonism; and defines "rightness" in conduct as action conducive to the realization of the greatest sum of "objective good." In declining to give any really definite qualitative account of the nature of the good, and in asserting that there is no single sort of experience that is to be called good, but rather a heterogeneous manifold of goods, this school of ethical theory seems either to leave the settlement of practical moral issues to the personal tastes of the theorist, or else to abandon the pretension to give any positive moral guidance. Mr. Russell comes near to the latter alternative when he refuses to "give a list of the principal goods and evils" on the ground that his reader is probably as capable as he "of judging what things are good and bad." The greater part of the rest of the volume is devoted to a criticism of pragmatism, which is not sympathetic or altogether just, yet will be found clarifying by all interested in that doctrine. The most striking thing in the book is the brief essay entitled, "The Free Man's Worship"; here Mr. Russell, who has commonly written in a style of colorless clar-

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ity upon the impersonal issues of logic, permits himself to give expression to his religious philosophy, and in moving and eloquent words sets forth the pieties and the consolations that remain to one who, without reservations or illusions, faces the bleak perspectives of "the world, alien, and inhuman, which science presents for our belief."

That a dictionary of Lowland Scotch which excludes pronunciations, etymologies, and statements of locality, and contains few phrases, should yet run to 717 tolerably closely printed pages, testifies to its fulness in other particulars. Alexander Warrack, in his "Scots Dialect Dictionary" (Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers), has endeavored to cover the words in use from the latter part of the seventeenth century to the present day, and has certainly given us a good clue to all kailyard novels and the like. To the book is prefixed an excellent historical and phonetic sketch of the dialects by William Grant, with a dialect map. The laborious researches of Ellis, Murray, and Wright are evidently bearing fruit and are now being recast into popular form.

A new volume in the International Critical Commentary is always welcome, especially an Old Testament volume. The latest issue, "First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians" (Scribner), comes from the scholarly hands of Archibald Robertson, the lord bishop of Exeter, and Alfred Plummer, one of the general editors of the series for Great Britain. The merits of this edition are similar to those of Plummer on Luke and Sanday on Romans in the same series—careful treatment of questions of philology and textual criticism, logical exegesis, caution in mooted points of history and theology, and restraint in reference to problems of comparative religion. This volume may be supplemented with advantage by that of J. Weiss in the Meyer series.

In a well-known passage, Eusebius observes that Tatian formed a "certain combination and collection of the Gospels, I know not how, to which he gave the title 'Diatessaron,' and which is still in the hands of some." In 1888, Ciasca edited an Arabic version of Tatian's work, adding a Latin translation of the same and prefixing a brief but scholarly introduction. On the basis of this edition, J. Hamlyn Hill in 1894 published a volume, comprising an introduction, an English translation of the 'Diatessaron,' and a number of useful appendices, of which the present volume, "The Earliest Life of Christ" (Scribner), is a second and abridged edition. The introduction is abbreviated; there are no appendices; but the translation remains in a handy form for the use of the general reader. The only other English translation of which we are aware is the literal version made from the Arabic by H. W. Hogg and published in 1896 in Vol. IX of the Ante-Nicene Fathers.

The period covered by the fourth volume of the Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial Series, 1745-1766, was a time when military activities assumed large proportions in colonial history. Mr. Munro, now sole editor and the successor of his colleague, Mr. Grant, as Beit lecturer in colonial history in the University of Oxford, says in his preface that half of the twenty-one years included were years of peace. In a formal sense, this statement is true, but at most the peace from 1749 to 1753 was official only. To the colonist there was war in the air. The Indian attacks, the attempts of the French to recover Louisburg, the movements from Canada into the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, prolonged the agitation, and in consequence we may rightly speak of continuous war for nearly eighteen years. Yet it is rather surprising that the records of the council, here printed, show few traces of external strain and tension, and scarcely notice the epoch-marking movement which was giving shape to the empire. Nevertheless, these entries from the register, which relate so largely to the disallowance of colonial acts, the hearing of colonial appeals, and the issuing of royal instructions to the Governors, are of great interest and value, because they concern the administrative and legal aspects of colonial control. The council was attempting to overhaul the existing machinery, but the effort was too late for success, and the object sought was rather the remedying of details than the reconstruction of the system. It is a noteworthy fact that this is the only volume of official records issued by the British government that treats of the period from 1745 to 1760. The Calendar of Treasury Papers closes with 1745, and the Calendar of Home Office Papers begins with 1760. For this reason, as for other reasons, it possesses unusual interest for the historian.

One of the best of the books descriptive of the situation in the new Turkey which have sprung up so profusely of late is Lucy M. Garnett's "Turkey of the Ottomans" (Scribner). Miss Garnett, already well known for her folk-lore studies in the Balkans, has an entirely competent familiarity with the farrago of peoples with which she has to deal, though—despite the series-made title—they are very largely neither Turks nor Ottomans. She maintains among them a remarkable impartiality if also a somewhat British attitude. Yet if she minimizes American work in Turkey, many American writers speak of nothing else. She is evidently not an Orientalist in the technical sense, being rather a Hellenist, and no one need turn to her for book-knowledge of Islam, but for the people she understands. So her account is attractive and faithful. The more pity that there are so many misprints and exactly where they will do mischief—in proper names and foreign words. Apparently no one who knew even the Greek alphabet read the proofs.

Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, retired, died suddenly in New York on Monday. He was born near Frederick City, Md., in 1839. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy at the head of his class in 1860, and the same year was appointed midshipman. He was commissioned lieutenant in 1862, and served commendably in Southern waters. As the head of a relief expedition, he rescued Greely and six survivors at Cape Sabine, receiving for this undertaking a gold medal from Congress. In 1898 he was the senior officer at Santiago when the naval battle occurred. Admiral Schley was the author of two books: "The Rescue of Greely" and "Forty-five Years Under the Flag."

After an illness of several weeks, John Bascom, professor emeritus of political economy at Williams College, died at his home in Williamstown, Mass., last Monday night, aged eighty-four. Born in Genoa, N. Y., the son of the Rev. John Bascom, he graduated from Williams in 1849. He was made professor of rhetoric at his alma mater in 1875, and from 1891 until 1901 was professor of political economy. For four years before joining the faculty at Williams, he was president of the University of Wisconsin. He was the author of many works on economic and philosophic subjects, among which we note: "Historical Interpretation of Philosophy," "Social Theory," "Evolution and Religion," and "Growth of Nationality in the United States."

The death is reported of the French journalist and author, Louis Nemours-Godré, aged sixty-four. He was on the staff of the *Univers*, and was editor of *La France Illustre*, and wrote several books, among them, "Daniel O'Connell, sa vie, son œuvre," "Roman d'artiste," "Les Cyniques," and "La France à Madagascar."

Science

Hereward Carrington is publishing through Harpers a translation of Theodore Flournoy's "Spiritism and Psychology."

The *Geographical Journal* for September contains an account by Capt. C. G. Rawling of some explorations in Dutch New Guinea, the most noteworthy result of which was the discovery of a hitherto unknown race of pygmies. It was also discovered that the great range of snow-peaks in the interior terminated in "one immense unbroken precipice," the greatest perpendicular height being "not less than 10,500 feet or two miles." P. A. Talbot tells of a recent expedition across Lake Chad, and Prof. Nordenskjöld gives some account of the scientific results of the Swedish Antarctic expedition. From the observations it appears that the summers in this region are "beyond comparison, the coldest in the world"; the mean temperature for the three summer months at the station was 28 degrees Fahrenheit, "consequently almost as cold as Stockholm in winter."

To have reached a fifth edition besides passing through a dozen reprintings in the course of sixteen years should seem to make quite superfluous any extended notice of Dr. J. P. Crozer Griffith's "Care of the Baby" (W. B. Saunders Company). The book is unchanged in size, but gives abundant evidence of careful and judicious revision. We still think that the directions for milk-mixing are rather too complicated for the average mother, and believe that simpler rules may be devised without risk to any baby not in need of expert medical supervision.

The present (third) edition of R. C. Punnett's "Mendelism" (Macmillan) is virtually a new treatise, to such an extent has it been enlarged and recast. Like its predecessors, it is necessarily only an outline sketch of a vast domain. But the outlines are well-defined, and the little treatise is a substantial contribution from one of the most active laboratories of genetics, presented in a readable and attractive form. By genetics

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is meant the experimental investigation of variation and heredity in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, with the view of ascertaining their laws. Professor Punnett also invades the important neighboring field of eugenics, the new science which is concerned with the possible application of these laws to the improvement of the human race. It is interesting to note that this field of research was approached on the neglected side of varieties. The unit of classification in natural history is the species, and hence variations in it, the so-called varieties, have long held only a subordinate place in systematic works on zoölogy and botany. Here and there, some thinkers had recognized their significance, and, like Lamarck, had seen in them the promise of species. And when Darwin and Wallace made their fruitful suggestion as to the bearing of variation on the origination of species, new fields of investigation were opened up in all directions. The neglected variety began to assume an entirely new importance; and after exact measurements were undertaken, accurate counts made, and the minutest variations noted, it became apparent that a new era had dawned. Oddly enough, however, it was found in 1900 that as early as 1865 an obscure priest in a monastery-garden had carried on a series of experiments in crossing plant-varieties and had published his conclusions. To those who wish to acquaint themselves with the chief features of these new sciences, genetics and eugenics, this convenient treatise can be confidently recommended. Parts of it are too condensed and the facts are too briefly stated, but an attentive reader can make his way successfully through all the pages.

To the series of Oxford Geographies, edited by Prof. A. J. Herbertson, is now added "Australia, Physiographic and Economic" (Clarendon Press), by Griffith Taylor. It belongs in the class of very modern books in which a continental area is regarded as the end-product of a long geological development. Mountain ranges, deserts, embayments, and promontories, all have their past as well as their present, and all may be viewed in both lights as influencing human habitation and industry. The book is divided into two parts, a physiographic and an economic. In the first part the physical features are passed in review, and are so clearly described that a reader gains an excellent general grasp of the island continent. At the close New South Wales receives special description not granted to the other states. In the second part, which is constantly explained by the aid of the first, the following industries are described: Stock-raising, agriculture, mining, less important industries, and transport. The subjects are briefly but clearly summarized, and the dependence of nearly all upon the rainfall is convincingly shown. A forecast of Australia's future growth concludes the work. Small sketch maps are freely used in illustration, but for a reader not familiar in a detailed way with Australia, a good general map of size equal to one or two pages of the book, would have been a useful addition.

Dr. Frederick William Pavy, F.R.S., who died a fortnight since, was the leading European authority a half century ago on diabetes. He was born in 1829 and was president of several medical societies.

The death is announced, at the age of fifty-eight, of Dr. Karl Waitz, professor of astronomy in the University of Tübingen.

Gen. Charles Frederick Manderson of Omaha, who died last week on his way home from Europe, had been a Republican United States Senator from Nebraska from 1883 to 1895. Born in 1837, he fought in the civil war, was a member of the bar, and interested himself in scientific subjects, being associated with the National Geographical Society. His only book is entitled, "Twin Seven Shooters."

The Rev. Mariam Balcells, S.J., professor of mathematics at Boston College and an astronomer of note, died at the Carney Hospital in Boston on Monday. He was a native of Tarragona, Spain. He was educated as an engineer. For a time he was connected with the Spanish Geological Survey. He built, as engineering director, the well-known observatory of the Ebro, and later he was director of solar physics at the same observatory. In this chair he introduced into Spain the study of the solar chromosphere by means of the spectrograph. In collaboration with Father Civera he made some discoveries concerning the relations between solar activity and terrestrial magnetism.

Drama

The latest addition to the Plays of To-day and To-morrow (Duffield) is the "Lady Patricia" of Rudolf Besier, which has had a very long and prosperous run in London. In dramatic quality and weight of purport it is altogether inferior to the same author's extremely clever comedy "Don," being essentially nothing more than fantastic farce; but it is written in a facile vein of comic and satirical exaggeration, is swift and interesting in action, contains much varied characterization, and is skilful and original in construction. It is easy to perceive that, if well acted, it might be productive of much entertainment, although the aroma of its humor is not always free from disagreeable taint. Though it has many veracious touches, betokening a shrewd observation of human nature, it is in the main completely artificial and utterly insincere. It deals primarily with theatrical situations, not with life. Michael Cosway and his wife, Lady Patricia, now approaching the confines of middle age, have long been regarded as models of conjugal happiness. They address each other in terms of rhapsodical passion. But each is deceiving the other in spirit, if not in deed. Lady Patricia, neurotic, ecstatic, and romantic, ever feeding her imagination upon amatory poetry and meditating lapses which she has no notion of committing, thinks that she has found her true affinity in "Bill" O'Farrell, a sturdy youth of the illiterate undergraduate type, who yields hopelessly to her mature fascinations, although he is in love with Clare Leslie, a girl after his own heart. Him she pledges to eternal Platonic servitude. Michael, an amateur scientist, has dominated Clare Leslie in exactly the same way, and has induced her to exchange Platonic vows with him, although her heart has long been in Bill's keeping. To add to the complications, Dean Leslie, a suave and worldly cleric, Clare's father, wishes to marry Mrs. O'Farrell, Bill's mother, while both of them are eager for a match between their respective children. It is not difficult to imagine the nature of the entanglements, the misconceptions, and the mutual recriminations which might be manufactured out of such prescribed conditions, but it is impossible to enumerate them within the limits of a brief review. Nor is it desirable to enter into any minute detail. It is sufficient now to say that Mr. Besier has executed this part of his task with uncommon adroitness and with as much external plausibility as could reasonably be expected. His personages are engaged, for the greater part of the time, in a perpetual game of hide and seek in the branches of a great oak tree, in which platforms and summer houses have been built, and the novelty of the design, doubtless, is a great help to the illusion. Excellent comic use is made of the indignation with which each character in turn rebukes the others for conduct of which he himself, or she herself, has just been guilty. In the end, largely by the shrewdness of Mrs. O'Farrell, Michael and his wife are driven to mutual confession and repentance, and the young lovers are happily united. Manifestly the incidents are arbitrary and incredible, but some of the character sketches are wonderfully lifelike. Michael and Lady Patricia, of course, are fantastic. Taken seriously, they would be repulsive. They are acceptable only by reason of their comic predicament and the suggestion, in itself inadmissible, that the passion of which they prate is as unreal as themselves. But Mrs. O'Farrell and the Dean are capitally drawn, Clare Leslie and "Bill" are both live specimens of healthy, unsophisticated youth, and there is a delightful sketch of a dunder-headed old gardener. On the whole, this is a sparkling bit of work, which would have been much more valuable if it had evinced some sense of purpose and responsibility.

Dr. Gilbert Murray, who has laid all lovers of good literature under obligations by his translations of various plays of Euripides, has recently published a translation of Sophocles's "Œdipus, King of Thebes" (Oxford University Press). Dr. Murray shows his customary skill in this version, but it is hard to resist the impression that he loves Euripides and admires Sophocles. We note the same lofty language, the same skill in the handling of the choral odes. Perhaps the blank verse leaves something to be desired, for while, of course, not Greek, it is also in many places hardly English because of the strained order. In a brief but good introduction, Dr. Murray, among other things, revises his criticism of Tiresias, made in his "Ancient Greek Literature" (1899). While he had formerly explained him as "a 'sympathetic' prophet, compact of wisdom and sanctity," he now regards him as a mixture of sanctity and superhuman wisdom, with fraud and mental disease, "a most lifelike as well as a most dramatic figure."

The first appearance here of Margaret Anglin, one of the best of our emotional actresses, in light comedy, is an incident of some theatrical importance. She is making the experiment in "Green Stockings," a comedy by A. E. W. Mason, to be seen in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. It is a pity that she could find nothing of higher

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literary and dramatic quality. Undoubtedly the motive of the piece is fresh, and, for comedy purposes, valuable, but Mr. Mason has treated it, except in one or two isolated scenes, very clumsily, wasting his opportunities in illogical and extravagant farce. A clever and attractive Irish spinster, Celia Faraday, who, in accordance with an ancient custom, has had to wear green stockings more than once when her younger sisters have been married, resolves to end domestic "chaff" by creating a fictitious lover, since she cannot find a real one. So she announces her engagement to an imaginary Col. John Smith, fighting gallantly in Somaliland, to whom she writes absurd but ardent love letters, of which one is accidentally posted. When fully satiated with compliments and congratulations she decides that her Colonel must die (to avoid explanations), and kills him off accordingly, publishing his death notice in the newspapers. But there is a real Col. John Smith, also a Somaliland hero, who has received Celia's letter, and is stirred to active curiosity by the announcement of his death. Tracing this to its source, he visits Celia, in the guise of his own most intimate friend, bearing harrowing details and sad mementoes of his own demise. His first encounter with the amazed and demoralized heroine provides the one really good scene in the play, and upon it the success of the representation will largely depend. The situation is novel, fairly plausible, and highly amusing, and Mr. Mason, rising to his opportunity, has treated it in a vein of genuine comedy. And in this crisis Miss Anglin proves herself a comedian of notable skill, if not of the very highest rank. Many contrasted emotions—surprise, apprehension, suppressed merriment, and (simulated) grief—are involved in it, and she indicates them with charming variety of expression, much delicacy of detail, and a keen appreciation of humor. She acquitted herself admirably, and, with the aid of that clever and refined comedian, H. Reeves Smith, carried the scene to a triumphant conclusion. In the final act, which, of course, brings the Colonel and Celia into each other's arms, the piece degenerates into farcical extravagance, very rarely rising to the comedy level, and in these cruder episodes Miss Anglin was seen to less advantage, her acting showing signs of effort and artifice. Evidently the matter did not appeal to either her artistic instinct or her natural intelligence. In legitimate comedy she ought to find great opportunities.

Charles Frohman has obtained "The Marionettes," in which Sir John Hare and Miss Marie Löhr are acting in London. The piece is the work of Pierre Wolff, and has been adapted by Gladys Unger.

"Sumurûn," a condensed version of which has attracted a great deal of public attention at the London Coliseum, and been the subject of much critical praise, is now to be produced in full at the London Savoy under the supervision of Professor Reinhardt.

Arnold Bennett's new comedy, "The Honeymoon," in which Marie Tempest is to enact the principal character, will be produced in the London Royalty next week. Dion Boucicault is the stage director. The Scottish Repertory Theatre has just opened its season with another play by Mr. Bennett, an adaptation in four acts of his novel "Buried Alive."

Miss Gertrude Kingston intends to resume charge of The Little Theatre, in London, next January, when she hopes to have an active partner in the enterprise. In that case, Lillah McCarthy would have to look for another house in which to produce her promised new plays by John Galsworthy, Granville Barker, and others

Some months ago Sir Herbert Tree acquired the English rights in a play called "Prophet Percival," by Melchior Lengyel, the Hungarian dramatist. To James B. Fagan has now been assigned the task of preparing the version which will eventually be seen at His Majesty's Theatre in London.

Reports from Australia say that H. B. Irving has been received there with wonderful enthusiasm and is playing to houses packed to their utmost capacity.

The indefatigable Sarah Bernhardt is playing again in the Coliseum, a London music hall. She is appearing in fragments of "Théodora," "Fédora," "Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," and "La Dame aux Camélias." She is wildly applauded by crowded houses and is reaping rich profit, although it may be doubted whether she is adding to her renown.

A prominent London critic, speaking of a recent performance of "King Henry V," by the Benson company, says that the piece as produced by Mr. Benson is a much graver and more solemn affair than some versions have been:

> There is very little swagger about the play as thus played, and very little of the swashbuckler, bragging monarch who has got of late years into the heads of the more daring commentators. What is emphasized in this production is rather the gravity of the whole affair; the heavy responsibility of the young King; the sore straits of the English troops; the part in the victory ascribed to the God of Battles.

"Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," the comedy of Franz Fonson and Fernand Wicheler, which was so highly praised in Paris when first played there some months ago, has reached London, where it was played in the Globe Theatre by Mlle. Legrand and a French company.

Music

The Oldest Music Room in Europe. By John H. Mee. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes. 1910-1911. Boston: C. A. Ellis.

After a careful search, Mr. Mee has failed to discover anywhere in Europe a music-room as old as that of Oxford, which was opened in 1748. The famous abode of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig did not come into use till 1781. Nor is it strange that England should have thus anticipated the Continent, for there, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the musical interest was centred in the opera, and concerts were usually given in the opera houses, whereas in England opera was an exotic always, and concerts appealed more strongly to the musical feeling of the nation; a tendency which was emphasized when Handel deserted the opera and wrote for the concert-halls those oratorios which soon took first place in the estimation of the English musical public. As far as Oxford itself was concerned, concerts on a considerable scale had been in vogue for above half a century before the building of the Music Room; yet from the way in which people wrote about this room it is clear that it was an unusual thing, and one of which those connected with it were extremely proud.

No one who has experienced the toil involved in the perusal of a century and a half of newspapers will be surprised, the author declares, to find many errors of omission in his book. As a matter of fact, it would have been improved if many more errors of omission had been made. There is a considerable amount of extremely superfluous and entirely uninteresting information about a multitude of persons whose names and titles and activities are of no historic importance whatever. On the other hand, one gets from a glance at the 216 pages of this volume a close view of musical conditions during the century (lacking eight years) that the Oxford Music Room was consecrated to concerts. The entertainments began as early as 6:45 and lasted two hours. In 1792 one of the official notices reads: "No person to take a dog into the room." Even in those days there were soloists whose terms were held to be exorbitant. There were prodigies, too. In a single year (1779) two were heard in the Music Room: a Miss Pool, "not eleven Years of Age," sang two songs by Dr. Arne; and the *Oxford Journal* of July 3 contained an advertisement by which "Mrs. Crotch from *Norwich* begs Leave to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of this University and City that her CHILD, who is not yet *Four Years of Age*, will, by permission of the Vice-Chancellor, and the Stewards of the Musical Society, play upon the ORGAN at the Musick Room, this day at Twelve o'Clock." This Master Crotch subsequently became professor of music at Oxford and the first principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

Troubles of various kinds harassed the managers. Discontented subscribers wrote letters of complaint to the newspapers, even as they do to-day. The privilege of borrowing music from the library was abused by many, who forgot to return the volumes lent. But these were trifles compared with the pecuniary difficulties which frequently confronted them. For want of sufficient support the weekly concerts had to be suspended altogether for four years, beginning 1793; but the stewards averted the dissolution of the band, feeling confident that it would be possible to "pull

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things round," as proved to be the case. Finally, however, in 1840, the concerts came to an inglorious end, and the Music Room was taken up by an upholsterer and auctioneer, who used it for his own business and let it for exhibitions and miscellaneous concerts. The programmes included in the volume give a good idea of the state of musical taste at the time, and there are numerous illustrations of the Music Room itself and of various notabilities who were prominently connected with it.

There was a time when Boston, Mass., had a Music Hall which was also, like the Oxford Music Room, let for exhibitions, including dog and poultry shows. But when Mr. Higginson became sponsor of the Symphony Orchestra, Symphony Hall was built, consecrated solely to music. One of the many benefits resulting from this backing of a generous millionaire is the programme book which is on a much more elaborate scale than any similar publication in this country or abroad. For every one of each season's twenty-four concerts there is issued a pamphlet of above seventy pages, half of them devoted to reading matter; and at the close of the season the twenty-four are bound into one volume—a book decidedly worth preserving, for perusal as well as for reference. Boston concert-goers evidently desire much more than mere musical pabulum when they go to Symphony Hall; they get in these programme books, which are distributed free, not only full analyses, with comments on all the pieces to be played, but "Entr'-Actes," in which the editor of the book, Philip Hale, either gives his own views and historic researches on diverse topics, or quotes from other writers. Among the most valuable of these excursions in the volume for 1910-1911 may be named "Bach's Music in England," "Boïto," "Bülow and Richard Strauss," "Famous Clacqueurs," "Elssler and Rachel in America," "Music in Finland," "Goethe and Beethoven," "Music through Hypnotism," "Smetana's Deafness," "Dvorák's 'American Symphony'," "Liszt," and reprints of a dozen of the admirable short essays on musical topics which the London *Times* has taken to printing, and of which "English Folk Music," "Mispronunciation in Singing," "The Small Orchestra," and "Rhythm and Tempo Rubato" may be mentioned as particularly valuable. Fifty composers were represented on last season's programmes by 102 works, of all of which Mr. Hale has something to say that is worth reading.

A story of the opera "Königskinder" has been made for younger readers by Anna Alice Chapin; it will be brought out by Harpers.

Harold Bauer will be the soloist at the Liszt centenary concerts to be given by the New York Symphony Society, under Walter Damrosch, on October 27 and 29. The programme will include the "Faust" symphony. Among the soloists engaged for later concerts are Katharine Parlow (her first appearance in New York this season), Harold Bauer (his first appearance in New York this season), Mme. Jeanne Jomelli (her first appearance in New York this season), Wilhelm Bachaus (his first appearance in America), Arthur Shattuck (his first appearance in America), and Miss Christine Miller, contralto. On March 1, the St. Cecilia Club of women's voices (Victor Harris, conductor) will take part in the programme. George W. Chadwick, the eminent Boston composer, will conduct his new Symphonic Suite, and other soloists will be announced later. Among the orchestral novelties announced for the season, including Elgar's New Symphony No. 2, in E flat, which will have its first performance in New York on December 8 (repeated December 10), American composers will be represented by George W. Chadwick's new Symphonic Suite and by "The Culprit Fay," a symphonic poem by Henry Hadley. Besides the Liszt centenary, as announced above, the season will include two Beethoven programmes, the suite "Die Königskinder," Humperdinck; legend, "Zorohaida," Svendsen; and symphonies by Mozart, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, Enesco, Dvorák, Rachmaninoff, Berlioz, and others.

As evidence of the growing popularity in England of America's foremost composer may be accepted the arrangement, by C. Charlton Palmer, organist of Canterbury Cathedral, England, of transcriptions for the organ of six of MacDowell's most charming pieces: "Nautilus," "A Sea Song," "Romance," "Meditation," "Melodie" ("To a Water Lily"), "In Nomine Domini." The publisher is Arthur P. Schmidt. Thousands of American organists who believe in giving the public what it desires to hear will welcome this announcement. Works by Foote, Whiting, and other American composers are included in "Twenty Preludes and Postludes," issued by the same publishers.

A clever paraphrase of Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" for the piano has been made by Otto Neitzel, and published in Berlin by Adolph Fürstner.

That Frederick the Great was a skilled flute player and writer of innumerable flute concertos (which no one would dare to play in public to-day) is generally known; also, that he wrote marches, arias, and opera librettos, and that he gave a cordial welcome to Bach in Berlin, making him try all his pianos and organs before the great cantor had had time to wash his hands or brush his clothes after his dusty stage trip from Leipzig. It has only now, however, come to light that this Prussian monarch also wrote the Spanish national hymn. He gave the tune to the Spanish ambassador, who took it to Madrid. Then it was forgotten till 1869, when it was adjudged the best of five hundred marches, and adopted as the national hymn. Such, at any rate, is the story of one of the scholars who have written articles to commemorate the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Frederick's death.

"An age of Napoleonic musical undertakings" is the way in which the London *Musical Times* characterizes the present, with special reference to the operatic enterprise of Thomas Quinlan, whose tour with his opera company will include England, South Africa, and Australia. The list of operas to be sung—all of them in English versions—includes four Italian works: "Aïda," "Madama Butterfly," "La Bohême," and "The Girl of the Golden West"; three operas by French composers, "Carmen," "Faust," "L'Enfant Prodigue"; and six masterworks by Germans: "Hänsel und Gretel," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Walküre."

Fortland, Ore., just now the fastest growing and most prosperous city on the Pacific Coast, has been casting envious eyes on Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles because of their permanent orchestras, and now proposes to have one of its own. It was at first suggested that several members of the orchestra should alternate as conductors; but that foolish idea was soon abandoned. It is more important to have a great conductor than a great orchestra, just as it is more important to have a good pianist than a good piano. A city so wealthy and aristocratic as Portland ought to be able to procure one of the leading conductors in the country—a man, for instance, like Franz X. Arens, or Frank Van der Stucken, both of whom were among the pioneers in breaking ground for American music and musicians.

Dvorák's posthumous symphony will have its first performance in Vienna by the Philharmonic Orchestra. Other novelties to be produced by that famous orchestra during the season are André Gédalge's third symphony; Glazounoff's "Poème lyrique," op. 12; Mahler's fifth symphony, Reger's "Comedy Overture," Sibelius's "Dryade," Sinigaglia's "Piemont" suite, Strasser's G major symphony, Wagner's C major symphony, Weingartner's "Realm of the Blessed."

The grand opera company headed by Andreas Dippel will be heard not only in Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, and Baltimore, but in a number of Western cities—Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Detroit, Indianapolis, St. Paul, and Des Moines. The season opens in Philadelphia on the third of November.

Carl Pohlig, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, became an intimate friend of Richard Strauss last summer. He was charmed with Strauss's latest opera, the "Rosenkavalier," and has put the waltz from it on his opening Philadelphia programme. As a great Liszt champion he will, of course, observe the Liszt centenary, producing among other things, the "Battle of the Huns." He found that in Europe Dvorák's fourth symphony is almost as popular as the "New World" and will produce it—an example which New York conductors would do well to follow. Another novelty of which Mr. Pohlig is enamoured is Weingartner's new (third) symphony, entitled "Vienna." In a conversation printed in the *Musical Leader*, Mr. Pohlig said that while in Europe he encountered a new invention for producing a prolonged tone with a single breath in the wood wind instruments, which is likely to revolutionize the playing of the oboe and the English horn. It is the invention of Bernhard Samuels of Schwerin. It will probably prove almost as potent a mechanical change in the orchestra as the discovery of the valve trumpet.

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The Italian government, conscious of the importance of preserving the country's folk-songs, has requested the directors of conservatories to instruct their pupils to take down in notation such popular songs as they happen to hear.

Art

An interesting contribution to the literature of city planning is John Nolen's "Madison, a Model City," published by the author for the Madison Park and Pleasure-Drive Association. It is a handsomely printed book of 160 pages lavishly illustrated, with more than a hundred photographs, which show what has been done for the beautification of Madison and other cities, and what can be done. It constitutes the report of Mr. Nolen, who is a landscape architect, to the association which engaged his services to suggest a plan on which the capital city of Wisconsin might in the future be developed. The author points out that more than fifty cities in the country have undertaken comprehensive improvements on a large scale within the past five years, and that a new standard of city-making has been set. The Madison Park and Pleasure-Drive Association has been at work doing what it could to beautify Madison for the past seventeen years, and has expended more than a quarter of a million of dollars in the work. Mr. Nolen believes that it is now time for the city and State to unite and take advantage of the almost unsurpassed advantages Madison offers for a constructive rebuilding along farsighted artistic lines. Of the unusual opportunity at Madison he writes: "Of all the cities in the United States it appears to me that Madison has the best opportunity to become in the future a city of this type. (He had been referring to Geneva.) It has the site, it has the environment, the climate, the population, the high civic spirit, the traditions, the permanent attractions of government and higher education. It is within the power of the people of Wisconsin to make Madison in future what Geneva is to-day—a beautiful, well-ordered, free, organic city."

Sir Barclay V. Head's revised edition of his important "Manual of Greek Numismatics" ("Historia Numorum"; Frowde) is a book indispensable to every coin collector and student of classical archæology. The first edition of 1887 was a complete manual of the subject at that time, and the second edition embodies the results of the latest researches. The new edition, in which Sir Barclay has been assisted by G. F. Hill, George Macdonald, and W. Wroth, follows the first in the geographical arrangement. Beginning with Spain and Gaul in the West, the book covers the whole of the Greek world, reaching eastward to India, northward to Dacia and Moesia, and southward to the northern coast of Africa. This purely geographical scheme is familiar to all students, and, while not to be recommended for the classification of coins in comparison with the arrangement of geographical areas within fixed chronological periods, as in the elaborate "Traité des *Monnaies grèques et romaines*," by Ernest Babelon, it is the only one possible without an entire recasting of the book. The introduction contains some new matter, chiefly concerning coin-standards and the significance of Greek coin-types. It is now universally recognized that the designs or *types* on Greek coins are the badges of the issuing authority or state, and that various motives besides the religious governed the selection of types proper, and *symbols* or adjunct types. In the section on Italy, the Roman *æs grave* is discussed in the light of Haeberlin's new theories, which form the best available explanation of the reduction in the weight of the Roman *as* from 338 to 268 B. C. The Greek coinages in the south of Italy and the coinages of the central and northern states are so closely connected that no treatise on Greek numismatics would be complete without an account of the early Roman bronze issues. The sections on Parthia, Syria (Seleucid Kings), the Ptolemaic Kings of Egypt, and especially on Bactria and Northwest India, are among the noteworthy portions thoroughly revised. In the last section, the Kushan chiefs who conquered the Greek kings appear in their proper dress as Kanishka and Huvishka in place of Kanerkes and Hooerkes. A table of the Kharosthi letters has also been added. In the indexes and the bibliography references to all the latest material may be found. There is no doubt that this new edition will remain as long, if not much longer than its predecessor, the principal reference work in its field.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Philadelphia Water Color Club announce that under their joint management an exhibition of original work in water-color, black and white, pastel, or drawing with pencil, crayon, or pen, or illustrations in whatever medium, will be held at the Academy, beginning Monday, November 13, and ending Sunday, December 17, both inclusive. The jury of selection: Colin Campbell Cooper, Henry McCarter, Violet Oakley, Harriet Sartain, Thomas P. Anshutz, and Everett L. Warner. The hanging committee: George Walter Dawson, Violet Oakley, and Hugh H. Breckenridge. Academy's committee on exhibition: Clement B. Newbold, chairman.

Finance

A CURIOUS WEEK IN FINANCE.

It was well understood in financial Europe, during all of last month's disturbances on its markets, that the full strain of the season would be felt in the first week of October. It is then that European markets effect their largest quarterly readjustment of financial accounts. Especially at Berlin and Paris, demands on banking credits are at that time exceptionally heavy. In this week falls the semi-monthly settlement on the Bourse, when outstanding speculations must be liquidated or extended, and the last previous settlement, on September 15, had so far strained available resources that the Paris broker holding stocks on borrowed money had been compelled to pay as high as 8 per cent. to carry them over to this week.

With this position immediately confronting Europe's markets, war broke out in the Mediterranean. When the Italian Government—of whose dispute with Turkey most of the world first learned at the opening of last week—sent warships to Tripoli on Wednesday, demanded on Thursday that Turkey should give up two cities in the province, and on Friday afternoon declared that a state of war existed, financial Europe listened with frank bewilderment. Germany was sudden enough in sending the Panther to Morocco. Japan recalled its envoy from St. Petersburg on one day and attacked Russia in Port Arthur on the next. Our own country demanded that Spain should withdraw at once from Cuba, under penalty of invasion, at a moment when our ambassador at Madrid was earnestly pointing out that Spain was ready to make terms. But the Morocco dispute was several years old; Japan and Russia had been on the admitted verge of rupture for two months; and in 1898 the De Lome incident, the "Maine" affair, and a long exchange of diplomatic notes, had at least prepared the public mind. None of these incidents took financial markets by surprise.

Sometimes, on such occasions, markets make thorough preparation in advance. They had made such preparations in advance of our Spanish war, whose outbreak found the markets ready and unruffled. Sometimes they think they have prepared and find that they have not, because some factor in the case had been forgotten; that was so in the Transvaal war of 1899, when England had not allowed either for the secret preparations of the Boers or for the instantaneous effects of the blockade of gold supplies. Sometimes they look for serious complications, and find that no financial markets are very much incommoded; such was the outcome of the Greco-Turkish war of 1897, which became a brief and not very interesting spectacle, with no disturbing influence on finance.

But war is at all times an uncertainty, and in the present case the markets were taken by surprise. It was evident, at last week's close, that the true financial significance of Italy's extraordinary action would depend, first on the question whether Turkey would fight back, and what her fight would be; next, whether the rest of Europe would take a united stand of neutrality or disapproval; and finally, whether the recent prolonged liquidation on the bourses of Continental Europe, and the rise in European money rates, might not turn out to have been such as not only to have overdiscounted "Morocco," but unconsciously to have discounted "Tripoli" as well.

All three questions were promptly an-

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swered in the present week. The Turco-Italian news over Sunday was obscure, as war news always is when cables are cut and newspapers of the fighting nations provided with canards. But it indicated that Turkey was hopelessly outclassed by Italy's naval resources, that neutral Governments were trying to end the war, and that Italy's one remaining danger was the over-confidence and bad judgment which she has rather frequently shown at crises of the kind. The European stock exchanges seemed at the opening of the week to be waiting for more definite information; but they were notably free from agitation. Consols went higher on Monday; French 3 per cents rose sharply, and even Turkish bonds regained 4 points of last week's 10-point loss.

This response was certainly not less interesting from the fact that Monday's Continental markets disclosed to the full the expected strain on credit. The Imperial Bank of Germany made its weekly statement, which was, in some ways the most extraordinary in its history. The figures of changes on its balance-sheet spoke for themselves. The Bank's cash reserve was $39,000,000 lower than a week before, $24,000,000 of that outgo being gold. Loans and discounts expanded in the week no less than $144,500,000; note circulation increased $154,300,000. These were movements of wholly unprecedented volume. The largest previous changes came in this week of 1907, on the eve of the German commercial crisis and our own Wall Street panic; the Imperial Bank's reserve then decreased $34,900,000, its loans and discounts rose $107,000,000, and its circulation $98,500,000. Those were huge figures, but, as comparison will show, far less sensational than the past week's changes. The week's expansion of loans and discounts at Berlin, moreover, followed an increase of no less than $61,000,000 in the preceding fortnight; in other words, the Imperial Bank had found it necessary to increase its outstanding credits $205,000,000 since the calling-in of French capital from Germany began in earnest.

But the fact of largest significance was the ability of the great state Bank to make such provision for the market. The response of the Berlin market to this remarkable statement of the Bank was not an advance in money rates, but a decline of nearly ¾ of 1 per cent.; which proved that however urgent the needs of borrowers may have been, they had been satisfied. Even the stock exchanges at Berlin, London, and Paris opened the week with moderate recovery.

All this recalled the action of the markets after the Russo-Japanese war broke out in February, 1904. The financial shock was then only momentary; there was no lasting unsettlement on stock exchanges; not even a stringency in money. But the attack on Port Arthur occurred when financial markets in both hemispheres had just passed through six months or more of the most drastic liquidation. Stock Exchange operators had sold out; the investing public, at the existing range of prices, was more ready to buy than to sell. The salient underlying facts in the present situation are the same.

They are, in fact, even more reassuring, from that point of view, than they were in 1904; for whereas financial markets of that period had in substance "discounted" war through discounting other things, the markets of to-day, in Europe at any rate, have actually discounted war. It is true, they prepared for a Franco-German war about Morocco, whereas the real event is Turco-Italian war in Tripoli. But since the other conflict has not happened and is less possible now than ever, and since the European bourses had not witnessed the recovery which would have been expected from official news that France and Germany had come to terms, the Italian matter figures as a curious sort of substitute. It is at least a welcome substitute, in so far as the dangers involved by it to the larger interests of the nations are of the slightest when compared with the Morocco complication.

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Allen, A. E. Joe, The Circus Boy. Boston: Page.

Aristotelian Society Proceedings. New Series.—Vol. xi, containing papers read before the Society, 1910-11. London, W. C.: Williams & Norgate.

Arnot, A. The Dempsey Diamonds. Lane. $1.25 net.

Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

Bates, E. S. Touring in 1600: A Study in the Development of Travel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

Beard, D. C. Boat-Building and Boating. Scribner. $1 net.

Béchamp, A. The Blood and Its Third Anatomical Element. Translated from the French by M. R. Leverson. Philadelphia: Boericke & Tafel. $1.50.

Bedell, F. Direct and Alternating Current Manual. Second edition, enlarged. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Bellamy, W. Broken Words: A Fifth Century of Charades. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Bennett, A. Hilda Lessways. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Birch, Una. Mary Stuart (Mary, Queen of Scots): An Essay. Funk & Wagnalls. 40 cents net.

Blair, Barbara. The Journal of a Neglected Bulldog. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co.

Blauvelt, Mary T. In Cambridge Backs: Vacation Thoughts of a Schoolmistress. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Blücher, H. Modern Industrial Chemistry. Translated from the German by J. P. Millington. Van Nostrand. $7.50 net.

Boas, F. The Mind of Primitive Man. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Bostelmann, L. F. Rutland, A Caronologically Arranged Outline of the Life of Roger Manners, Fifth Earl of Rutland. Rutland Pub. Co.

Brooke, C. F. T. The Tudor Drama. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Brooks, A. Dorothy Dainty at the Mountains. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.

Brown, G. B. Arts and Crafts of Our Teutonic Forefathers. Chicago: McClurg. $1.75 net.

Buckmaster, E. A. My Native Village, and Other Verses. Cambridge, England: W. Heffer & Sons.

Burgess, T. W. Mother West Wind's Children. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.

Canfield, W. W. The White Seneca. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Champlain Society Publications. Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. New edition, with notes by J. B. Tyrrell. Toronto: The Society.

Clapp, E. J. The Navigable Rhine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Clark, T. A., and Warnock, A. R. Facts for Freshmen Concerning the University of Illinois. Urbana: The University.

Cook, F. A. My Attainment of the Pole. Polar Publishing Co.

Coolidge, S. What Katy Did; What Katy Did Next; What Katy Did at School. 3 vols. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 each.

Courtney, J. W. The Conquest of Nerves. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Crane, F. Human Confessions. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.

Cross, C. F., Bevan, E. J., and Sindall, R. W. Wood Pulp and Its Uses. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Custance, Olive (Lady Alfred Douglas). The Inn of Dreams. Lane. $1.25 net.

Davenport, H. McH. The Likable Chap. Sturgis & Walton. $1.20 net.

Dawley, W. W. Truths That Abide. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 50 cents net.

Dudley, A. T. The Pecks in Camp. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.

Duncan, R. K. Some Chemical Problems of To-day. Harper. $2 net.

Duval, G. Shadows of Old Paris. Illustrated in color by J. Gavin. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.50 net.

Eldred, W. L. The Oak Street Boys' Club. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Erskine-Murray, J. A Handbook of Wireless Telegraphy. Third edition, revised. Van Nostrand. $3.50 net.

Fiske, J. American Political Ideas. New edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Fleming, J. A. The Propagation of Electric Currents in Telephone and Telegraph Conductors. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

Foster, W. T. Essentials of Exposition and Argument: Manual for High Schools, etc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 90 cents.

Friendship of Books. Edited by Temple Scott. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Fuller, Alice M. Housekeeping and Household Arts: A Manual for Work with the Girls in the Elementary Schools of the Philippine Islands. Manila: Bureau of Printing.

Gear, H. B., and Williams, P. F. Electric Central Station Distribution Systems. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

Geil, W. E. Eighteen Capitals of China. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5 net.

Green, Anna K. Initials Only. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.

Grover, E. O. Kittens and Cats: A Book of Tales. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Hall, A. N. Handicraft for Handy Boys. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $2 net.

Harben, W. N. Jane Dawson. Harper. $1.30 net.

Hastings, F. E. Studies in German Words and Their Uses. Boston: Heath. $1.

Hewlett, M. The Song of Renny. Scribner. $1.50.

Hichens, R. The Fruitful Vine. Stokes. $1.40 net.

Hobart, H. M. The Design of Static Transformers. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Hobson, H. M. Jinks' Inside. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $1 net.

Holland, R. S. Historic Inventions. (Series for Young People.) Philadelphia: Jacob & Co. $1.50 net.

Huizinga, A. v. C. P. The Authority of Might and Right. Boston: Sherman, French. 50 cents net.

Iglehart, Mrs. F. C. G. The Boy Captive of the Texas Mier Expedition. Revised. San Antonio: The Author.

Islam and Missions: Being Papers Read at the Second Missionary Conference, Lucknow, Jan., 1911. Revell. $1.50 net.

Jack, A. A. Poetry and Prose. Essays on Modern English Poetry. London: Constable.

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Jenkins, Hester D. Behind Turkish Lattices: Story of a Turkish Woman's Life. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Johnson, Amandus. Swedish Settlements on the Delaware—1638-1644. 2 vols. University of Pennsylvania. $6 net.
Kenealy, A. The Mating of Anthea. Lane. $1.25.
Kilmer, Joyce. Summer of Love. Baker & Taylor. $1 net.
Kinsley, W. W. Does Prayer Avail? Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Knowles, R. E. The Singer of the Kootenay: A Tale of To-day. Revell. $1.20 net.
Lowell, Percival. The Soul of the Far East. New edition. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Lucas, E. V. Old Lamps for New. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Macdonald, Una. Alys-all-alone. Boston: Page. $1.50.
McFarlane, A. E. Great Bear Island. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Marvin, F. R. Love and Letters. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.
Masson, F. Napoleon and His Coronation. Trans. by F. Cobb. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Merwin, H. C. The Life of Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $3 net.
Miller, David R. The Red Swan's Neck. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
Milton's Tenure of Kings and Magistrates. Edited, with notes by Rev. W. G. Allison. Holt. $1.50.
Muir, T. The Theory of Determinants. Vol. II, the Period 1841 to 1860. Macmillan.
Myhrman, D. W. Babylonian Hymns and Prayers. Philadelphia: Museum, Univ. of Pennsylvania.
Newbolt, H. Taken from the Enemy. New edition, illustrated. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Orcutt, W. D. The Princess Kallisto and Other Tales of the Fairies. Illustrated. Harper. $1.50.
Patterson, J. M. Rebellion. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.25 net.
Pearson, E. L. The Believing Years. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Phelps, Elizabeth S. Comrades. Harper. 50 cents net.
Pickett, M. The Fourth Physician: A Christmas Story. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Rhoades, N. Victorine's Book. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Robinson, E. B. The Religion of Joy. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Robinson, H. P. Of Distinguished Animals. Illus. with photographs. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Rotch, A. L., and Palmer, A. H. Charts of the Atmosphere for Aeronauts and Aviators. John Wiley & Sons. $2 net.
Rules for Right Living and Right Conduct: From the Teachings of Jesus the Christ. Boston: Sherman, French. 50 cents net.
Savile, F. The Road: A Modern Romance. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Schroeder, H. H. The Psychology of Conduct. Chicago: Row, Peterson & Co. $1.25.
Scott, Q. The Night Riders of Cave Knob. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.
Seitz, Don C. Surface Japan: Short Notes of a Swift Survey. Illus. in color. Harper.
Sheldon, S. Electric Traction and Transmission Engineering. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Shelley, H. C. The British Museum, Its History and Treasures. Boston: Page.
Simmons, W. H., and Mitchell, C. A. Edible Fats and Oils. Van Nostrand. $3 net.
Skinner, C. M. Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits, and Plants. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Smith, C. C. Bob Knight's Diary on a Farm, with Sketches by Bob. Dutton. $1.50.
Spaulding, H. G. Charles Sumner: An Address. Boston: G. H. Ellis Co.
Stebbing, E. P. Stalks in the Himalaya. Lane. $4 net.
Steely, G. Wally: A Story of the West. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Stevenson's Treasure Island. Illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. Scribner. $2.50.
Stories for Young People: Columbus; Cortes; Eric the Red and Leif the Lucky; Franklin; Macmillan in Mexico; Penn; Pizarro; Washington. 8 vols. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents each, net.
Stratemeyer, E. Chased Across the Pampas, or American Boys in Argentina. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Strong, I. Robert Louis Stevenson. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Tanner and Allen's Brief Course in Analytic Geometry. American Book Co. $1.50.
Tennyson, Alfred. In Memoriam: Introduction by S. A. Brooke and E. L. Cary; The Princess. Illus. by F. S. Coburn. Putnam.
Thwing, C. F. Universities of the World. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Tomlinson, E. T. The Champion of the Regiment: A Story of the Siege of Yorktown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
True Friendship. Compiled by C. A. Burkhardt. Jersey City, N. J.: W. J. Burkhardt.
Tunzelmann, G. W. de. The Superstition Called Socialism. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Turpin, E. Honey-Sweet. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Value of Contentment. Edited by M. M. Barrows. Caldwell Co.
Van Buren Papers. Prepared from the Original Manuscripts in the Library of Congress by E. H. West. Washington: Government Ptg. Office.
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